HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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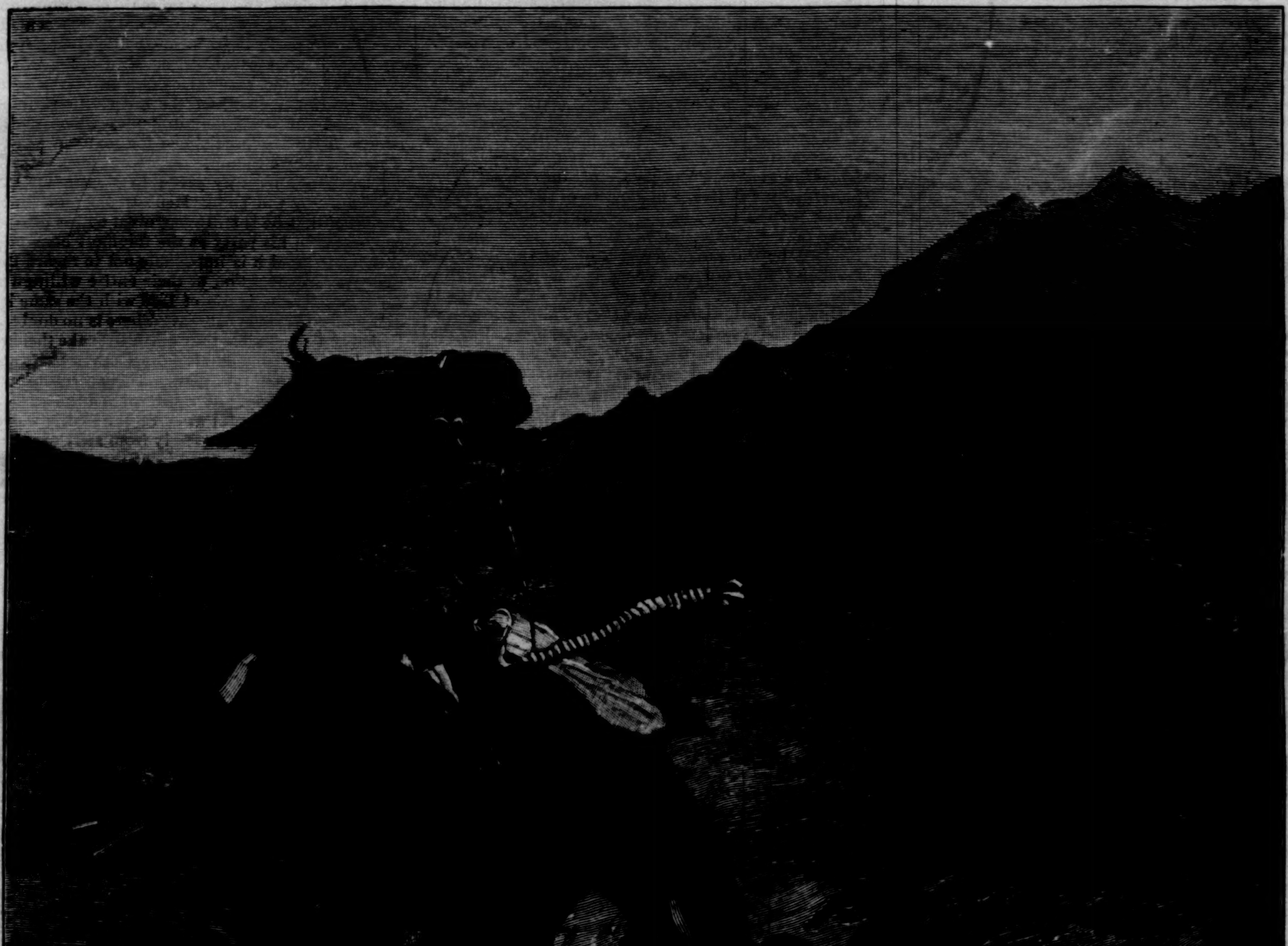

THE AMBUSHED PICKET.—FROM THE PAINTING BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 460.]

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In the number for June 4th DR. JOHN S. WHITE *talks to boys on Electricity and the Telephone in connection with the "Six Wide-open Professions."*

"Base-Ball for Amateurs," a series of four short papers by A. A. STAGG, *is brought to a close in this number with the article on "Team-Play."*

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD *contributes a story entitled "Bella's Choice," with a full-page illustration. "The Princess Liliwinkins" is concluded.*

A SUPPLEMENT *contains "Boys in Business," by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER; *"Floral Decorations for Commencement," by* HELEN M. NORTH; *and "Pot-Pourris and Old Still-Rooms," by* LUCY C. LILLIE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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PATRIOTISM.

SENATOR EDMUNDS says truly that the way to correct the evils of the undeniably wide-spread corruption in politics is to emancipate ourselves from party fealty or zeal sufficiently to make "the well-springs of true liberty" our first consideration. This is the manly and the properly American doctrine. Party is a convenience, but the means must not be mistaken for the end. The Senator's view is fatal to the theory that reform must be sought within the party, because it holds that to keep pure the well-springs of liberty it may be necessary to emancipate ourselves from party fealty. But the theory of reform within the party, as generally understood and expounded, involves unswerving support of the party under all circumstances, whatever it may propose or whomsoever it may nominate. The support is supposed to be given in the hope that the party will do better by-and-by, and because its worst measure or candidate is better than the best of the other party. It is this view which compels many intelligent and excellent citizens to vote for policies which they disapprove and for candidates whom they distrust. Nothing is to be gained, they say, by the success of "the other fellows." But might they not consider whether something might not be gained by the defeat of their own fellows? If the party is so good an agency that it ought not to be destroyed, is not the surest way to save it from destruction to insure its temporary defeat when it falls into bad hands? Is confirming the grasp of such hands upon the party the way to save it?

To confound indiscriminate support of a party with patriotism, or to assume that a party must be always equally deserving of support, is nonsense. In a popular government maintained by parties the patriotic citizen will generally act with the party which, upon the whole, is most harmonious with his convictions and aims. But the accomplishment of purposes for which a party was formed, and the interregnum which follows before party relations are readjusted, will necessarily emancipate many of its adherents from party fealty, and produce great and general independence of political action. The present is precisely such a period. The great objects of the original Republican party have been achieved. Slavery has been not only territorially restricted but abolished, and a national Union is established, without challenge, upon universal freedom and equality. The present vital questions affecting the public welfare are not so much those of policy of administration as corrupt political practices. It is very much more important to check this enormous and increasing evil than it is to revise the tariff. The fundamental inquiry in all political action is, What do the people approve? But this corruption is an evil which prevents the popular will from being known. Until the corruption which controls elections is checked it is impossible to accept the apparent result as indicative of that will. Now in order to check it effectually, as Senator EDMUNDS remarks, there must be an emancipation from party fealty.

That is to say, in order to arrest this perilous tendency, measures and candidates must be supported upon their merits, and not because of a party name or nomination. If in a Democratic district Republicans nominate an honest ballot reformer, who will support all that is logically connected with an effective ballot law, namely, improved registration laws administered by men of all parties, secrecy of the ballot, publication of election expenses, prompt judicial settlement of disputed questions, with searching naturalization and bribery laws, then, according to Senator EDMUNDS, such a candidate should be supported by Republicans and Democrats alike; and in a Republican district the same course should be pursued. This is simply common-sense, patriotism, and independence in politics. If it does not produce, under existing organizations, the result desired, this spirit would lead to a readjustment of parties by organizing a party specifically to secure this reform. It is idle for honest Republicans and honest Democrats to go on deploring courses in their party which, as Senator EDMUNDS says, "both the laws and the general moral sense of the nation condemn." And if they cannot make such reform the platform and purpose of their party, they will emancipate themselves from fealty to their old parties, and organize a new party to secure a reform which they hold to be essential. In co-operating with the movement to organize the Republican party, Mr. SEWARD said, "Such true Democrats and true Whigs are now ready to unite on those sound principles common to both." Pending such union among men in all parties of similar views upon political corruption and collateral wrongs, the position and action suggested by Senator EDMUNDS are precisely those of independent voters.

OUR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THERE has been a great deal of comment upon the apparent inactivity or want of "dash" and "brilliancy" and "Americanism" of the Secretary of State. But the dreary monotony of the clean sweep in the post-offices, which has been the chief achievement of the administration thus far, is about to be relieved by the announcement of the results of the Samoan Conference and the appointment of the Haytian Commission. In regard to the first it will be found, probably, that if BISMARCK had any improper purposes in Samoa, the plain public approval in this country of Secretary BAYARD'S general views induced the Chancellor to reconsider, so that the Samoan Commissioners have found little difficulty in reaching a settlement which will be none the less satisfactory because it will be the one that under the circumstances any American administration would have preferred. There is, of course, something droll in the agreement of three great powers to guarantee the absolute autonomy of a small group of islands, and at the same time to prescribe a constitution and determine the details of government. The great powers also agree to erect buildings upon the islands for the convenience of their citizens, without affecting the local sovereignty, but also without asking its leave. The fact is that Germany, Great Britain, and the United States have just as much right to regulate the government of the Samoan Islands as Russia, Prussia, and Austria had to partition Poland. In both cases the greater powers decided that their interests required the arrangement, and they made it.

The Commission of Inquiry to Hayti began unfortunately. It was announced one evening that General WALLACE and Mr. BEVERLY TUCKER had been appointed Commissioners, and the next morning it was announced that the appointments were suspended because Mr. TUCKER was stated to have held a questionable position in regard to the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN. This was a curious political blunder for a Republican administration. If the late President or Secretary of State had made such a mistake he would have been denounced by every Republican organ in the country as the tool of JEFFERSON DAVIS. Probably Mr. TUCKER will not go. But that will not correct the consequences of the blunder. It is not improbable that the Haytian situation will soon develop itself more definitely. HIPPOLYTE has been pressing LÉGITIME very closely. He was threatening Port au Prince, the capital, and he may have driven out LÉGITIME before this paper is issued, and seized the government. In that event, as in France in 1848, our practice would lead to an acknowledgment of the actual situation without favoring any party. The government *de facto* is necessarily the government which the neutral foreigner must recognize. But unless such a government plainly appears in Hayti, the report of an intelligent Commission upon the spot would greatly illuminate the situation.

The third point of interest in our foreign relations is the Behring Sea. By the terms of our purchase of Alaska from Russia we claim certain rights over that sea which are questioned. The question is what those rights are. The claim that the sea is a *mare clausum*, or water so enclosed by American territory as fairly to fall under American jurisdiction, has not been officially asserted. Canadian sealers, indeed, have been seized and condemned by local tribunals. But the Canadian authorities do not believe that the United States will justify the seizure, and negotiations upon the subject are now going on with Great Britain. Our object in the Behring Sea is to prevent the wanton slaughter of seals, which will end in the disappearance of the fur. This is a common object of civilized states, and should be the subject of a friendly understanding. It is not a *casus belli*, and a tone of defiance may be wisely discarded. M. DE LAVELEYE has just written an appeal for an agreement between the United States and Great Britain to settle all differences by arbitration. The eminent publicist undoubtedly expresses the feeling and the wish of the most patriotic and intelligent citizens of both countries.

MR. CLEVELAND'S LATE SPEECH.

MR. CLEVELAND is unquestionably the most prominent Democrat in the country. This is due less to the fact that he has been President than to his personal character. Upright and unaffected, he is a man of convictions and courage and of a high standard of public life. But while he is an undeniable leader of his party, he is by no means its idol, or even its representative, like JACKSON or DOUGLAS. There is a feeling of strong opposition to him within his party, because of the characteristics which made General BRAGG say of him, "We love him for the enemies he has made." Except for these enemies of his own party household he would have been re-elected. They were strong enough both to affect injuriously his executive course and to "sell him out" in New York at the election. But their attitude serves merely to reveal the fact that the Democratic party is divided, and that no man now represents it as LINCOLN or SEWARD or SUMNER represented the Republican party in its prime, while among its leaders no one is so prominent as Mr. CLEVELAND. He is, moreover, the especial champion of the issue of tariff reform, upon which the last election campaign was fought, the only definite policy which the Democratic party has proclaimed for many a year, and which they owe to him.

The dinner recently given to Mr. CLEVELAND in New York by the Young Men's Democratic Club was the proof that he is still recognized by his distinctive supporters in his party as the foremost champion of their views, and it is impossible not to regard the occasion as a declaration of their entire willingness to fight in 1892 the battle of 1888 with the same leader and under the same banner. There is no doubt, also, that so far as possible they mean to make their views the platform of the party. Mr. CLEVELAND'S speech skilfully favored this plan. The speech identified him with the party, and it interpreted the party purpose and spirit by his own. So far as this was done historically, we differ strongly from Mr. CLEVELAND'S view. Under the leadership of men of his convictions and character, the Democratic party may become a party of high political morality, of a sincere purpose of reform, and of a wise national policy. But that it has been such a party, devoted to furthering justice and liberty and equal rights, is not within the memory of those who are familiar with our political history for forty years. The cause of the perpetuity of the party name is certainly not to be discovered in the uniformity of the party devotion to the welfare of the people; on the contrary, the astonishing rise of the Republican party, and the exclusion of the Democratic party from power for a quarter of a century, were due to its betrayal of human rights and its defiance of the national conscience. The Democratic party cannot be strengthened or commended by its history, and it is only in the degree that it is seen clearly not to be the party of the last generation that it can hope for future success.

In Mr. CLEVELAND'S general statement of what he holds to be the present Democratic purpose all good citizens must agree. An economical administration of the government, together with the utmost practicable freedom of individual enterprise, a policy in accord with the advanced thought of the country, a genuine national brotherhood and honest equality before the law, reform of the abuses of patronage and of corruption at the polls—if these objects characterize "a true Democracy," then that party is to-day what the Republican party was thirty years ago. However that may be—and the immediate approval by Governor HILL of Mr. CLEVELAND'S statement of the Democratic faith did not add to its value—the purposes which he mentioned are those of an immense number of American citizens, who will vote for such candidates as they believe will honestly and effectively promote such objects.

A GOOD CHANGE.

THE change in the civil service rules recommended by the National Commission, which makes the eligible list public, is excellent, for the reason that it discards just so much secrecy. The rule was adopted to prevent the personal and partisan pressure likely to result in favor of individuals known to be eligible. But despite the rule the names have been often ascertained, and the reason for the rule has largely disappeared. In Poughkeepsie, New York, the Examining Board has been ordered to produce the papers of a person who was examined, and who claims to have been unjustly denied the entry of his name upon the eligible list. This will show whether decisions of the Board, which are not at all discretionary, have been fair. This also is excellent, and for the same reason, that it promotes publicity. When the examinations in the New York Custom-house began under President HAYES, especial pains were taken to make them public, and the utmost possible publicity is the spirit and desire of the reform. It is for this reason that the rules often provide that all letters vouching for the character and habits of applicants may be made public at the discretion of the appointing power.

It is in accord with the same desire of complete publicity that the filing of reasons for removal is demanded by the friends of reform. There is, and very properly, no limitation upon the power of removal. But as it is constantly exercised arbitrarily and unworthily, and merely to make a vacancy to be filled at pleasure, nothing would tend more certainly to restrict removals to reasons connected with the service than a statement of those reasons accessible to the public. Mr. Wanamaker has the unquestioned power of removal of fourth-class postmasters. But it would be most useful to the public service and instructive to the public mind if he were required to state the reasons for dismissing them at the rate of one a minute, which is the rate at which he has sometimes recently exercised his authority. If the postal service has fallen into such a desperate condition through the spoils system as this implies, it would be interesting to see it officially stated that Mr. Wanamaker's remedy for the results of the spoils system is the spoils system. Light is as effective an agency of reform as of police. It is for the same good reason that the publicity of executive sessions of the Senate, when considering nominations, is demanded by the friends of reform.

The Philadelphia *Press*, admitting that since the inauguration "we have heard nothing but the contention for place," suggests a rule providing that good officers should serve out their terms. It would be an excellent rule, and if the President wishes it he would announce it and conform to it. Nothing prevents him from retaining such officers except the importunity of such persons as Mr. Platt. Suppose that the President should require Mr. Platt to state, in a letter to be published, the reasons he offers for every appointment which he favors. Suppose Mr. Quay and Mr. Hiscock and all the other place-brokers at the White House were required by him to do the same thing. If he should require it, undoubtedly these gentlemen would "make it hot for him" in the Senate and at the polls. That is a reason why he does not require it, but it is also the strongest reason that it should be required. It is also a reason why he does not permit good officers to serve out their terms, as the *Press* suggests. The roots of reform are in public opinion. Nothing promotes it so much as knowledge of the facts, and therefore reformers advocate the utmost possible publicity.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Superintendent Bell, of the railway mail service, recently made some interesting and suggestive statements to a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. He was speaking of the changes which have been made in that service since the change of administration, and he remarked that such change was necessary if the service were to be efficient. Of eleven division superintendents, he says, only two were competent, and the efficiency of the subordinate employés was not much greater. He gives statistical details of the ineffective work of this service as he found it, and adds that the report of the late Postmaster-General shows that the service was "terribly demoralized," and that he has evidence that the real state of affairs was worse than the report shows.

Superintendent Bell then adduces figures to prove that the efficiency of this service had decreased 34 per cent. during the years from 1885 to 1888, while in the preceding three years, from 1882 to 1885, it had increased 46 per cent. In the first division, comprising the six New England States, the efficiency was decreased 39 per cent. In the second division, comprising the Middle States, the decrease was 40 per cent. In the third division, western Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, and the District of Columbia, the decrease of efficiency was 46 per cent.; and in the fourth division, of the more southern States, it was 41 per cent. In only one division, the extreme West, was there an increased rate of efficiency. The largest proportionate decrease of efficiency, he says, was in the Southern States, where the clean sweep of Republican officials was first begun and soonest completed.

A stronger practical argument for reform than this statement of Superintendent Bell could not be made. A branch of the public service which was admitted to be one of the best organized and efficient was summarily reduced to comparative inefficiency—by what? By changing its employés for political reasons. Trained and experienced officers were turned out merely because they were Republicans, and untrained and inexperienced men were put in their places merely because they were Democrats. This is just as senseless and absurd a performance in the government service as it would be in that of the Central Railroad or in a manufactory, or upon a great farm. Yet this is precisely what Superintendent Bell confesses that he has been doing. He removes capable employés with the polite assurance that it is for no fault, but that the "reasons for your retirement were of a political nature."

This is the practice which Superintendent Bell demonstrates to have been most injurious to the service, and which, as he will remember, the Republican platform denounced, and the President promised not to encourage. Yet the course of a Democratic administration, which, as the Superintendent says, and assuming the accuracy of his figures, proves to be seriously injurious to the railway mail service, is the course which in other departments the Republican administration is pursuing. If the heads of other important branches of the service would publish similar statements to those of Superintendent Bell of the comparative rates of increased or decreased efficiency consequent upon political changes in purely business places, the folly and public loss and inconvenience of the system would be still more conclusively exposed.

THE PRESS AND THE STAGE.

The oration by Mr. William Winter upon the Press and the Stage, which was published in the Weekly a few weeks ago, is now issued in an extremely tasteful volume, worthy both of the spirit and form of the address, and as the edition is limited, it will become a rarity and a prize. Mr. Winter's address was delivered at a meeting of the Goethe Society, in reply to Mr. Dion Boucicault's strictures upon the American press in relation to dramatic art. An able and interesting supplement to it will be found in this number of the Weekly under the title of "The Actor and his Duty to his Time." There is no one in the country more admirably equipped for the discussion of either topic than Mr. Winter, and his work is conclusive. In the reply to Mr. Boucicault his keen and delicate fence pierces and ends his adversary.

Apart from its literary grace and controversial skill, Mr. Winter's address is delightful for its reminiscences and annals of the American stage, and for its testimony to the fair conduct of the newspaper. To no man are the players more indebted. He treats the theatre, its history and influence, and the actors who make the theatre, with a sincerity and thoughtful and scholarly intelligence which in its serious tone is unknown to the French *feuilletonistes*. His *Brief Chronicles*, issued by the Dunlap Society, in De Vinne's beautiful and fitting typographical form, are not trivial, fond records, but tender and truthful words of commendation as the player of greater or less degree makes his exit, and his biographies of eminent actors tell the vivid story of the stage whose spell is imperishable.

Mr. Winter's papers upon the drama and upon actors, which have now continued for almost a generation, have given to the *Tribune* a distinction in this branch like the work of the late Mr. Ripley in literary criticism. He is a fully informed and competent witness when he says, "During nearly thirty years of experience as a writer for the press I never yet encountered the least opposition from the publishers of newspapers as to the expression of judgment"; and he cites against his adversary his adversary's own words, "I never paid a farthing for a favor from the press, and I never will, and in candor I am bound to say that if I offered it I am sure it would be regarded as a gross insult." Mr. Winter naturally takes pleasure in vindicating the craft of which he is an honored fellow, and in doing it he corrects a general misapprehension. No man has done so much in this country to fix public attention upon the acted drama as an art. His love of letters, his poetic feeling, and his intellectual earnestness recall in their spirit and tone, not in their form, the occasional dramatic criticisms of the elder Dana's *Idle Man*.

THEN AND NOW.

It was a pleasant coincidence that on the morning of Decoration Day, when all hearts were turned kindly to the memory of the soldiers of the Union, accounts were published of the happy celebration of industrial triumphs in Texas and Alabama. At New Decatur, in the Tennessee Valley, among the incidents of the day was the laying of the corner-stone of a public school, and at the request of the President, Assistant Attorney-General Shields attended the celebration and made a speech, which concluded with the demand of "American productions for American markets."

Colonel Colyar, of Tennessee, a protection Democrat, followed in the same tone, and said that the manufactures of the Southern States must have what all other prosperous manufacturing communities have had, "the benefits of a revenue system which cares for home people rather than foreign people." At Fort Worth, in Texas, the "Spring Palace" was formally opened, and the city was thronged with people from all parts of the Union. Governor Key made a speech of welcome, and Governor Thayer, of Nebraska, spoke in the true Union spirit, rejoicing that sectional lines were so generally obliterated. The Palace is designed to illustrate the resources of Texas by assembling specimens of all the productions of the State, and the effect of the skilful arrangements and combinations of color is described as very brilliant and beautiful.

The value and charm of these two holiday assemblies do not lie in any economical theories that may have been asserted, but in the happy contrast of the newly awakened industrial life with the situation of thirty years ago, the sectional alienation and the approaching war. These are sweeter fields than even hope could see beyond the swelling flood of the last generation. These are the spectacles which fill the opening second national century with promise. They admonish us of the reality of the Union, and give every American a prouder consciousness than was possible to our fathers that the fatal sectionalism of the earlier day has disappeared with its cause.

FRANCE AND HER NEIGHBORS.

The letters from Paris describing the opening of the Great Exhibition at Paris allude to the absence upon that occasion of the Ministers of all the great powers except the Minister of the United States. It was supposed that Mr. Gladstone would make the absence of the British Minister the occasion of a strong attack upon the government. But when a motion was offered in the House of Commons which gave the opportunity for commenting upon the absence of Lord Lytton, the British Ambassador, in concert with the representatives of other powers, the Under Foreign Secretary denied that there was any such concert, Mr. Gladstone acquitted the government of the charge, but blamed it for an error of judgment. He thought that Lord Lytton should have attended.

The Under Secretary defended the ministry upon the ground that England should have nothing to do with the celebration of a revolution regarding which political parties in France remained bitterly divided. He said that when a nation is unanimous in the commemoration of a great historical event, as the United States were at the centenary of American independence, it is very proper that the Queen's representative should attend, and Lord Beaconsfield instructed the British Minister accordingly.

But this reasoning is not sound. Governments deal in other friendly states with accomplished facts. They do not take official account of domestic parties in other countries. The Revolution of 1789 in France led to the establishment of the present republic, which is the form of government now agreeable to the French nation, and as such it has been recognized by the British government. When that friendly government celebrates the centenary of its origin with an imposing exhibition of the triumphs of the arts of peace, the representatives of friendly powers do not by their official presence approve or disapprove the circumstances under which the republic arose; they merely acknowledge, as their official missions to the republic acknowledge, the right of every people to ordain its own government. It is not the terror of '93 which the Exhibition commemorates, nor any crime committed during the great change. It is only the national decision that a republic is preferable for France to a monarchy. That decision is competent for any nation in its own case, and, as Mr. Gladstone truly says, it is a serious error to order an action which implies an opinion either of the form of the French government or of the movement from which it sprang. It was as gross an insult to French constitutionalists and republicans to fraternize with Louis Napoleon as it can possibly be to French legitimists to countenance the republic.

PERSONAL.

Coningsby Disraeli, a nephew of the former English Premier, has made his début in British politics with much the same audacity of method which marked the earlier efforts of his uncle to gain notoriety. He is only twenty-one years old, but did not hesitate to roundly abuse Mr. Parnell and other prominent Irish legislators in his maiden speech at Bath.

—A young and pretty woman, Dr. Giuseppina Cattani, has been appointed Lecturer on Pathology at the University of Bologna, Italy, the oldest university in the world. Her lectures are pronounced most learned, and large audiences of students and others listen to her whenever she speaks. Her beauty and profundity have, in fact, combined to create a sensation.

—Ex-Governor John D. Long, of Massachusetts, is a good amateur base-ball player, excelling both at the bat and in the field.

—Harvard College has invited Sir Edwin Arnold to attend its coming Commencement, and it is not improbable that he will accept the invitation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are soon to celebrate their golden wedding. In anticipation of this event leading Liberal ladies at Washington have presented Mrs. Gladstone with a massive gold bracelet bearing the miniature reproduction of Sir John Millais's portrait of her husband.

—A niece of King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands, the Princess Kalani, has been spending a few days in this country on her way to Europe, where she is going to complete her studies. She is fourteen years old, and the daughter of Archibald Scott Cleghorn, Collector-General of the Port of Honolulu, and the Princess Like-Like. She is especially fond of music and languages, and during her stay abroad is expected to perfect herself in these and other accomplishments.

—Queen Victoria has just passed her seventieth birthday, and is in splendid health. Unless something unforeseen occurs, those who have looked for her early abdication will be disappointed.

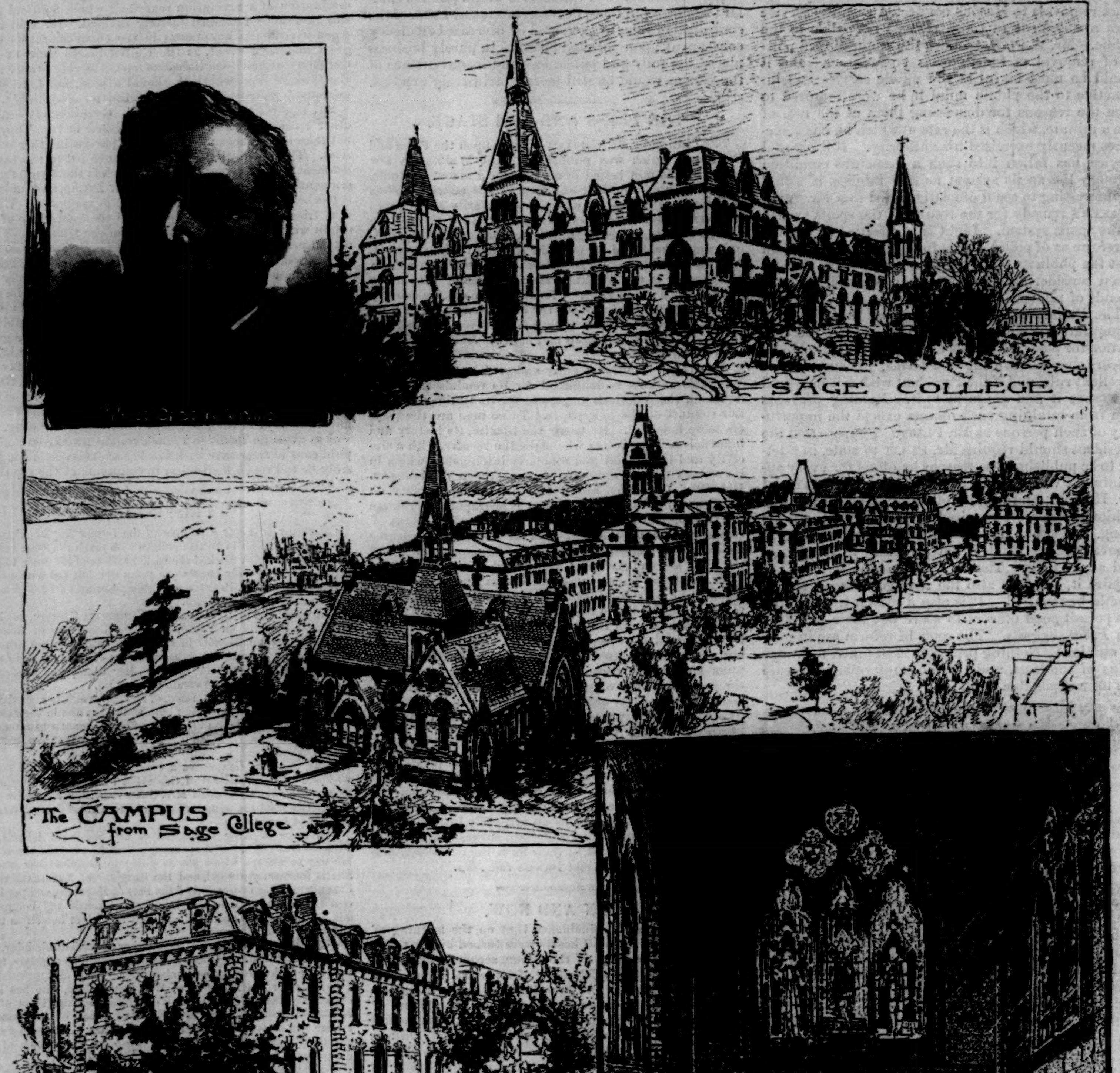
—Professor E. H. Griffin, of Williams College, who has been chosen Professor of the History of Philosophy and Dean of the Academic Faculty at Johns Hopkins, is a graduate of the Berkshire college and one of its most profound scholars. Although a comparatively young man, he has taught acceptably in some of the departments formerly belonging to Dr. Mark Hopkins.

—Henri Rochefort, Jun., son of the famous French editor, was only twenty-nine years old when he shot himself dead the other day in Algeria. He possessed much of his father's fiery spirit, and had led a very adventurous life. In the Soudan he was the companion of Olivier Pain, and in the Congo country he shared the hardships of M. de Brazza, while he had also travelled in South America.

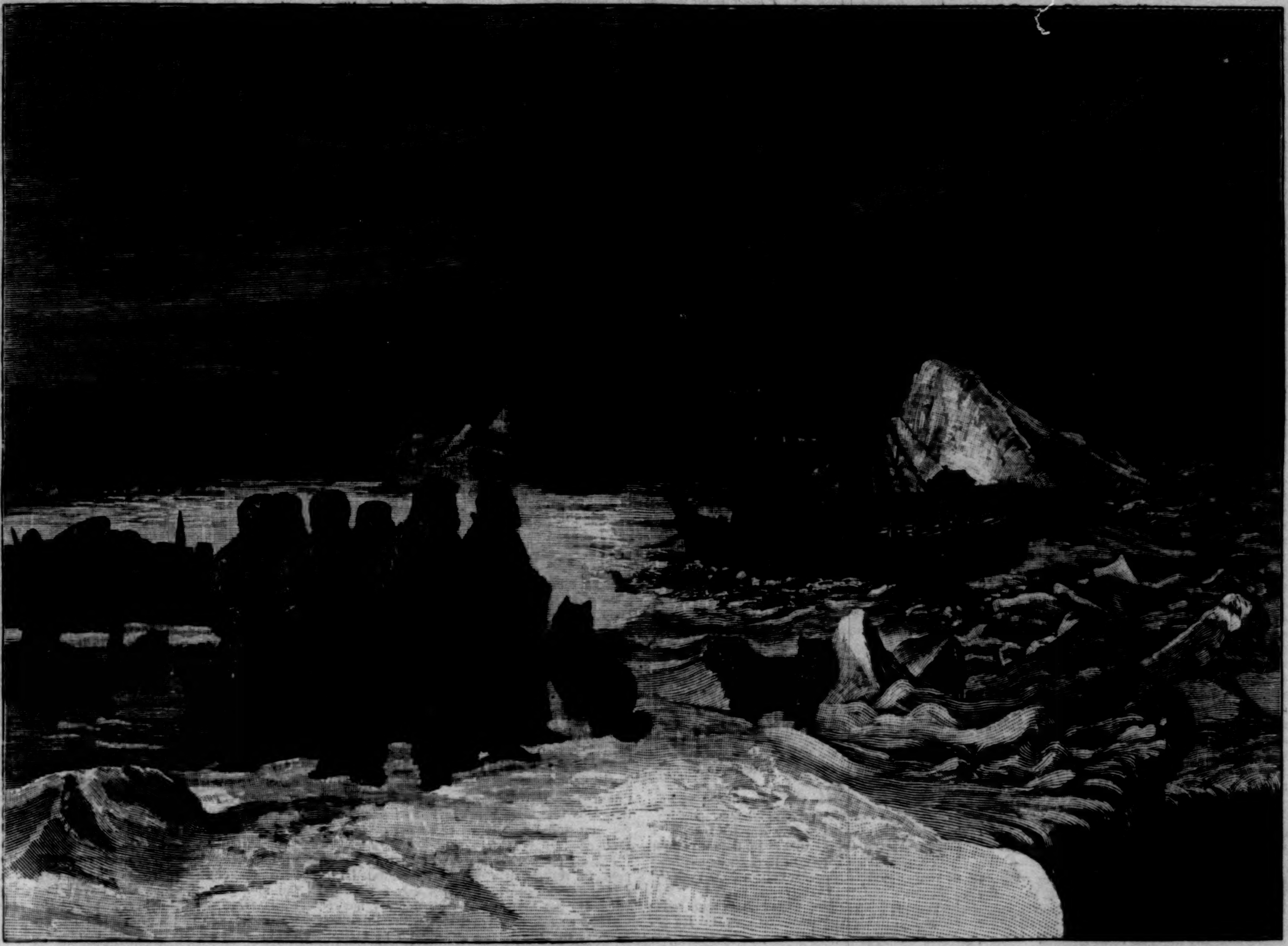
—Senator William M. Evarts has a fine farm at Windsor, Vermont, on the banks of the Connecticut River, and a pleasant country house to which he and his family may retreat during the hot season. His cattle have always been of the best breeds, and he has now interested himself in a creamery across the river in New Hampshire, the gilt-edged product of which is expected to put to the blush the oleose imitations of the metropolitan markets.

—Extraordinary skill as a chess-player brought fame, wealth, and a title to the late Baron Rolisch, of Vienna. While yet a boy he left his humble Austrian home, with but a few thalers in his pocket, to seek his fortune. He drifted to Paris, where, after suffering great privation and poverty, he finally won a reputation among chess-players, and his prosperity began. Rich and influential men became his pupils, and he stood high in their favor. Baron Rothschild helped him establish a bank in Vienna; but his accumulation of wealth there was not as rapid as it was, later on, in the Paris Stock Exchange. He played chess with President Grévy in the evening, and dabbled in stocks during the day, political information received from the statesman helping him, it was believed, in making successful ventures. A few years ago he returned to Vienna, and devoted much of his time to collecting paintings and altar-cloths, while he also tried editing and publishing a paper, but with indifferent success. He was raised to the nobility by the Grand-Duke of Weimar.

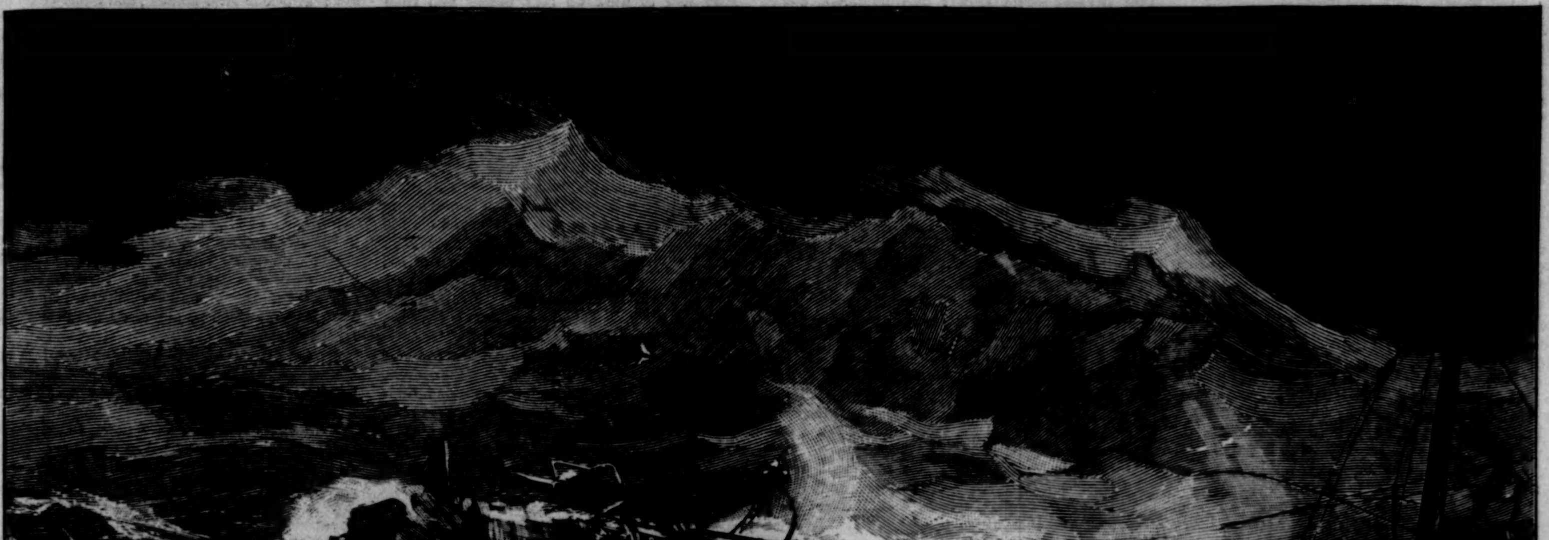
—Queen Margherita of Italy possesses many graces and accomplishments, and while she is well versed in classic and modern literature, she is also one of the best violoncello players of the day. Wishing to pay special tribute to Italian genius, she not long ago had published at her own expense, for the education of her son, an elaborate edition of Dante's works, containing much that has been written about the poet, with the reproduction of every picture inspired by him. She is also an ardent patron of the arts and industries of her country, and under her fostering care the manufacture of Burano lace, once apparently lost, was saved from extinction. Her alms-giving is munificent but practical, and in her religion she is neither a bigot nor a freethinker. Her attitude toward public questions has been so wise and politic that she is generally loved by the people, and the greatest criticism made of her by her enemies is that she does not dress in good taste.


SAGE COLLEGE
The CAMPUS from Sage College
SIBLEY COLLEGE OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
The CORNELL MAUSOLEUM
CORNELL
PHYSICAL LABORATORY

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.—From Photographs.—[See Page 459.]



"FAREWELL."—From the Painting by Albert Operti, presented to Kane Lodge, F. and A. M.—[See Page 455.]



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "YANTIC" IN A CYCLONE.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 462.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

VII.

MARCH and Beaton remained alone together for a moment, and March said: "I hope you *will* think it worth while to take hold with us, Mr. Beaton. Mr. Fulkerson puts it in his own way, of course; but we really want to make a nice thing of the magazine." He had that timidity of the elder in the presence of the younger man which the younger, preoccupied with his own timidity in the presence of the elder, cannot imagine. Besides, March was aware of the gulf that divided him as a literary man from Beaton as an artist, and he only ventured to feel his way toward sympathy with him. "We want to make it good; we want to make it high. Fulkerson is right about aiming to please the women, but of course he caricatures the way of going about it."

For answer, Beaton flung out, "I can't go in for a thing I don't understand the plan of."

March took it for granted that he had wounded some exposed sensibility of Beaton's. He continued, still more deferentially: "Mr. Fulkerson's notion—I must say the notion is his, evolved from his syndicate experience—is that we shall do best in fiction to confine ourselves to short stories, and m[illegible] each number complete in itself. He found that the most successful things he could furnish his newspapers were short stories; we Americans are supposed to excel in writing them; and most people begin with them in fiction; and it's Mr. Fulkerson's idea to work unknown talent, as he says, and so he thinks he can not only get them easily, but can gradually form a school of short-story writers. I can't say I follow him altogether, but I respect his experience. We shall not despise translations of short stories, but otherwise the matter will all be original, and of course it won't all be short stories. We shall use sketches of travel, and essays, and little dramatic studies, and bits of biography and history; but all very light, and always short enough to be completed in a single number. Mr. Fulkerson believes in pictures, and most of the things would be capable of illustration."

"I see," said Beaton.

"I don't know but this is the whole affair," said March, beginning to stiffen a little at the young man's reticence.

"I understand. Thank you for taking the trouble to explain. Good-morning." Beaton bowed himself off, without offering to shake hands.

Fulkerson came in after a while from the outer office, and Mr. Dryfoos followed him. "Well, what do you think of our art editor?"

"Is he our art editor?" asked March. "I wasn't quite certain when he left."

"Did he take the books?"

"Yes, he took the books."

"I guess he's all right, then." Fulkerson added, in concession to the umbrage he detected in March, "Beaton has his times of being the greatest ass in the solar system, but he usually takes it out in personal conduct. When it comes to work, he's a regular horse."

"He appears to have compromised for the present by being a perfect mule," said March.

"Well, he's in a transition state," Fulkerson allowed. "He's the man for us. He really understands what we want. You'll see; he'll catch on. That lurid glare of his will wear off in the course of time. He's really a good fellow when you take him off his guard; and he's full of ideas. He's spread out over a good deal of ground at present, and so he's pretty thin; but come to gather him up into a lump, there's a good deal of substance to him. Yes, there is. He's a first-rate critic, and he's a nice fellow with the other artists. They laugh at his universality, but they all like him. He's the best kind of a teacher when he condescends to it; and he's just the man to deal with our volunteer work. Yes, sir, he's a prize. Well, I must go now."

Fulkerson went out of the street door, and then came quickly back. "By-the-by, March, I saw that old dynamiter of yours round at Beaton's room yesterday."

"What old dynamiter of mine?"

"That old one-handed Dutchman—friend of your youth—the one we saw at Maroni's—"

"Oh—Lindau!" said March, with a vague pang of self-reproach for having thought of Lindau so little after the first flood of his tender feeling toward him was past.

"Yes; our versatile friend was modelling him as Judas Iscariot. Lindau makes a first-rate Judas, and Beaton has got a big thing in that head if he works the religious people right. But what I was thinking of was this—it struck me just as I was going out of the door: Didn't you tell me Lindau knew forty or fifty different languages?"

"Four or five, yes."

"Well, we won't quarrel about the number. The question is, why not work *him* in the field of foreign literature? *You* can't go over all their reviews and magazines, and he could do the smelling for you, if you could trust his nose. Would he know a good thing?"

"I think he would," said March, on whom the scope of Fulkerson's suggestion gradually opened. "He used to have good taste, and he must know the ground. Why, it's a capital idea, Fulkerson! Lindau wrote very fair English; and he could translate, with a little revision."

"And he would probably work cheap. Well, hadn't you better see him about it? I guess it'll be quite a windfall for him."

"Yes, it will. I'll look him up. Thank you for the suggestion, Fulkerson."

"Oh, don't mention it! *I* don't mind doing *Every Other Week* a good turn now and then when it comes in my way." Fulkerson went out again, and this time March was finally left with Mr. Dryfoos.

"Mrs. March was very sorry not to be at home when your sisters called the other day. She wished me to ask if they had any afternoon in particular. There was none on your mother's card."

"No, sir," said the young man, with a flush of embarrassment that seemed habitual with him. "She has no day. She's at home almost every day. She hardly ever goes out."

"Might we come some evening?" March asked. "We should be very glad to do that, if she would excuse the informality. Then I could come *with* Mrs. March."

"Mother isn't very formal," said the young man. "She would be very glad to see you."

"Then we'll come some night this week, if you will let us. When do you expect your father back?"

"Not much before Christmas. He's trying to settle up some things at Moffitt."

"And what do you think of our art editor?" asked March, with a smile, for the change of subject.

"Oh, I don't know much about such things," said the young man, with another of his embarrassed flushes. "Mr. Fulkerson seems to feel sure that he is the one for us."

"Mr. Fulkerson seemed to think that *I* was the one for you, too," said March; and he laughed. "That's what makes me doubt his infallibility. But he couldn't do worse with Mr. Beaton."

Mr. Dryfoos reddened and looked down, as if unable or unwilling to cope with the difficulty of making a polite protest against March's self-depreciation. He said, after a moment: "It's new business to all of us except Mr. Fulkerson. But I think it will succeed. I think we can do some good in it."

March asked, rather absently, "Some good?" Then he added: "Oh yes; I think we can. What do you mean by good? Improve the public taste? Elevate the standard of literature? Give young authors and artists a chance?"

This was the only good that had ever been in March's mind, except the good that was to come in a material way from his success, to himself and to his family.

"I don't know," said the young man; and he looked down in a shamefaced fashion. He lifted his head and looked into March's face. "I suppose I was thinking that some time we might help along. If we were to have those sketches of yours about life in every part of New York—"

March's authorial vanity was tickled. "Fulkerson has been talking to you about them? He seemed to think they would be a card. He believes that there's no subject so fascinating to the general average of people throughout the country as life in New York city; and he liked my notion of doing these things." March hoped that Dryfoos would answer that Fulkerson was perfectly enthusiastic about his notion; but he did not need this stimulus, and at any rate he went on without it. "The fact is, it's something that struck my fancy the moment I came here; I found myself intensely interested in the place, and I began to make notes, consciously and unconsciously, at once. Yes, I believe I can get something quite attractive out of it. I don't in the least know what it will be yet, except that it will be very desultory; and I couldn't at all say when I can get at it. If we postpone the first number till February I might get a little paper into that. Yes, I think it might be a good thing for us," March said, with modest self-appreciation.

"If you can make the comfortable people understand how the uncomfortable people live, it will be a very good thing, Mr. March. Sometimes it seems to me that the only trouble is that we don't know one another well enough; and that the first thing is to do this." The young fellow spoke with the seriousness in which the beauty of his face resided. Whenever he laughed his face looked weak, even silly. It seemed to be a sense of this that made him hang his head or turn it away at such times.

"That's true," said March, from the surface only. "And then, those phases of low life are immensely picturesque. Of course we must try to get the contrasts of luxury for the sake of the full effect. That won't be so easy. You can't penetrate to the dinner party of a millionaire under the wing of a detective as you could to a carouse in Mulberry Street, or to his children's nursery with a philanthropist as you can to a street boys' lodging-house." March laughed, and again the young man turned his head away. "Still, something can be done in that way by tact and patience."

VIII.

That evening March went with his wife to return the call of the Dryfoos ladies. On their way uptown in the Elevated he told her of his talk with young Dryfoos. "I confess I was a little ashamed before him afterward for having looked at the matter so entirely from the æsthetic point of view. But of course, you know, if I went to work at those things with an ethical intention explicitly in mind, I should spoil them."

"Of course," said his wife. She had always heard him say something of this kind about such things.

He went on: "But I suppose that's just the point that such a nature as young Dryfoos's can't get hold of, or keep hold of. We're a queer lot, down there, Isabel—perfect menagerie. If it hadn't been that Fulkerson got us together, and really seems to know what he did it for, I should say he was the oddest stick among us. But when I think of myself and my own crankiness for the literary department; and young Dryfoos, who ought really to be in the pulpit, or a monastery, or something, for publisher; and that young Beaton, who probably hasn't a moral fibre in his composition, for the art man, I don't know but we could give Fulkerson odds and still beat him in oddity."

His wife heaved a deep sigh of apprehension, of renunciation, of monition. "Well, I'm glad you can feel so light about it, Basil."

"Light? I feel gay! With Fulkerson at the helm, I tell you the rocks and the lee shore had better keep out of the way." He laughed with pleasure in his metaphor. "Just when you think Fulkerson has taken leave of his senses he says or does something that shows he is on the most intimate and inalienable terms with them all the time. You know how I've been worrying over those foreign periodicals, and trying to get some translation from them for the first number? Well, Fulkerson has brought his centipedal mind to bear on the subject, and he's suggested that old German friend of mine I was telling you of—the one I met in the restaurant—the friend of my youth."

"Do you think *he* could do it?" asked Mrs. March, sceptically.

"He's a perfect Babel of strange tongues; and he's the very man for the work, and I was ashamed I hadn't thought of him myself, for I suspect he needs the work."

"Well, be careful how you get mixed up with him, then, Basil," said his wife, who had the natural misgiving concerning the friends of her husband's youth that all wives have. "You know the Germans *are* so unscrupulously dependent. You don't know anything about him now."

"I'm not afraid of Lindau," said March. "He was the best and kindest man I ever saw, the most high-minded, the most generous. He lost a hand in the war that helped to save us and keep us possible, and that stump of his is character enough for me."

"Oh, you don't think I could have meant anything *against* him!" said Mrs. March, with the tender fervor that every woman who lived in the time of the war must feel for those who suffered in it. "All that I meant was that I hoped you would not get mixed up with him too much. You're so apt to be carried away by your impulses."

"They didn't carry me very far away in the direction of poor old Lindau, I'm ashamed to think," said March. "I meant all sorts of fine things by him after I met him; and then I forgot him, and I had to be reminded of him by Fulkerson."

She did not answer him, and he fell into a remorseful reverie, in which he rehabilitated Lindau anew, and provided handsomely for his old age. He got him buried with military honors, and had a shaft raised over him, with a medallion likeness by Beaton and an epitaph by himself, by the time they reached Forty-second Street; there was no time to write Lindau's life, however briefly, before the train stopped.

They had to walk up four blocks and then half a block across before they came to the indistinctive brownstone house where the Dryfooses lived. It was larger than some in the same block, but the next neighborhood of a huge apartment-house dwarfed it again. March thought he recognized the very flat in which he had disciplined the surly janitor, but he did not tell his wife; he made her notice the transition character of the street, which had been mostly built up in apartment-houses, with here and there a single dwelling dropped far down beneath and beside them, to that jag-toothed effect on the sky-line so often observable in such New York streets. "I don't know exactly what the old gentleman bought here for," he said, as they waited on the steps after ringing, "unless he expects to turn it into flats by-and-by. Otherwise, I don't believe he'll get his money back."

An Irish serving-man, with a certain surprise that delayed him, said the ladies were at home, and let the Marches in, and then carried their cards upstairs. The drawing-room, where he said they could sit down while he went on this errand, was delicately decorated in white and gold, and furnished with a sort of extravagant good taste; there was nothing to object to the satin furniture, the pale soft rich carpet, the pictures, and the bronze and china bric-à-brac, except that their costliness was too evident; everything in the room meant money too plainly, and too much of it. The Marches recognized this in the hoarse whispers which people cannot get their voices above when they try to talk away the interval of waiting in such circumstances; they conjectured from what they had heard of the Dryfooses that this tasteful luxury in no wise expressed their civilization. "Though when you come to that," said March, "I don't know that Mrs. Green's gimcrackery expresses ours."

"Well, Basil, *I* didn't *take* the gimcrackery. That was *your*—"

The rustle of skirts on the stairs without arrested Mrs. March in the well-merited punishment which she never failed to inflict upon her husband when the question of the gimcrackery—they always called it that—came up. She rose at the entrance of a bright-looking, pretty-looking, mature, youngish lady, in black silk of a neutral implication, who put out her hand to her, and said, with a very cheery, very lady-like accent, "Mrs. March?" and then added to both of them, while she shook hands with March, and before they could get the name out of their mouths, "No, *not* Miss Dryfoos! Neither of them; nor Mrs. Dryfoos. Mrs. Mandel. The ladies will be down in a moment. Won't you throw off your sacque, Mrs. March? I'm afraid it's rather warm here, coming from the outside."

"I will throw it back, if you'll allow me," said Mrs. March, with a sort of provisionality, as if, pending some uncertainty as to Mrs. Mandel's quality and authority, she did not feel herself justified in going further.

But if she did not know about Mrs. Mandel, Mrs. Mandel seemed to know about her. "Oh, well, do!" she said, with a sort of recognition of the propriety of her caution. "I hope you are feeling a little at home in New York. We heard so much of your trouble in getting a flat, from Mr. Fulkerson."

"Well, a true Bostonian doesn't give up quite so soon," said Mrs. March. "But I will say New York doesn't seem so far away, now we're here."

"I'm sure you'll like it. Every one does." Mrs. Mandel added to March, "It's very sharp out, isn't it?"

"Rather sharp. But after our Boston winters I don't know but I ought to repudiate the word."

"Ah, wait till you've been here through March!" said Mrs. Mandel. She began with him, but skilfully transferred the close of her remark, and the little smile of menace that went with it, to his wife.

"Yes," said Mrs. March, "or April, either. Talk about our east winds!"

"Oh, I'm sure they can't be worse than *our* winds," Mrs. Mandel returned, caressingly.

"If we escape New York pneumonia," March laughed, "it will be only to fall a prey to New York malaria as soon as the frost is out of the ground."

"Oh, but you know," said Mrs. Mandel, "I think our malaria has really been slandered a little. It's more a matter of drainage—of plumbing. I don't believe it would be possible for malaria to get into *this* house, we've had it gone over so thoroughly."

Mrs. March said, while she tried to divine Mrs. Mandel's position from this statement, "It's certainly the first duty."

"If Mrs. March could have had her way, we should have had the drainage of our whole ward put in order," said her husband, "before we ventured to take a furnished apartment for the winter."

Mrs. Mandel looked discreetly at Mrs. March for permission to laugh at this, but at the same moment both ladies became preoccupied with a second rustling on the stairs.

Two tall, well-dressed young girls came in, and Mrs. Mandel introduced, "Miss Dryfoos, Mrs. March; and Miss Mela Dryfoos, Mr. March," she added, and the girls shook hands in their several ways with the Marches.

Miss Dryfoos had keen black eyes, and her hair was intensely black. Her face, but for the slight inward curve of the nose, was regular, and the smallness of her nose and of her mouth did not weaken her face, but gave it a curious effect of fierceness, of challenge. She had a large black fan in her hand, which she waved, in talking, with a slow, watchful nervousness. Her sister was blond, and had a profile like her brother's; but her chin was not so salient, and the weak look of the mouth was not corrected by the spirituality or the fervor of his eyes, though hers were of the same mottled blue. She dropped into the low seat beside Mrs. Mandel, and intertwined her fingers with those of the hand which Mrs. Mandel let her have. She smiled upon the Marches, while Miss Dryfoos watched them intensely, with her eyes first on one and then on the other, as if she did not mean to let any expression of theirs escape her.

"My mother will be down in a minute," she said to Mrs. March.

"I hope we're not disturbing her. It is so good of you to let us come in the evening," Mrs. March replied.

"Oh, not at all," said the girl. "We receive in the evening."

"When we *do* receive," Miss Mela put in. "We don't always get the chance to." She began a laugh, which she checked at a smile from Mrs. Mandel, which no one could have seen to be reproving.

Miss Dryfoos looked down at her fan, and looked up defiantly at Mrs. March. "I suppose you have hardly got settled. We were afraid we would disturb you when we called."

"Oh no! We were very sorry to miss your visit. We are quite settled in our new quarters. Of course it's all very different from Boston."

"I hope it's more of a sociable place there," Miss Mela broke in again. "I never saw such an unsociable place as New York. We've been in this house three months, and I don't believe that if we staid three years any of the neighbors would call."

"I fancy proximity doesn't count for much in New York," March suggested.

Mrs. Mandel said: "That's what I tell Miss Mela. But she is a very social nature, and can't reconcile herself to the fact."

"No, I can't," the girl pouted. "I think it was twice as much fun in Moffitt. I wish I was there now."

"Yes," said March, "I think there's a great deal more enjoyment in those smaller places. There's not so much going on in the way of public amusements, and so people make more of one another. There are not so many concerts, theatres, operas—"

"Oh, they've got a splendid opera-house in Moffitt. It's just grand," said Miss Mela.

"Have you been to the opera here, this winter?" Mrs. March asked of the elder girl.

She was glaring with a frown at her sister, and detached her eyes from her with an effort. "What did you say?" she demanded, with an absent bluntness. "Oh yes. Yes! We went once. Father took a box at the Metropolitan."

"Then you got a good dose of Wagner, I suppose?" said March.

"What?" asked the girl.

"I don't think Miss Dryfoos is very fond of Wagner's music," Mrs. Mandel said. "I believe you are all great Wagnerites in Boston?"

"I'm a very bad Bostonian, Mrs. Mandel. I suspect myself of preferring Verdi," March answered.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Miss Dryfoos looked down at her fan again, and said, "I like Trovatore the best."

"It's an opera I never get tired of," said March; and Mrs. March and Mrs. Mandel exchanged a smile of compassion for his simplicity. He detected it, and added, "But I dare say I shall come down with the Wagner fever in time. I've been exposed to some malignant cases of it."

"That night we were there," said Miss Mela, "they had to turn the gas down all through one part of it, and the papers said the ladies were awful mad because they couldn't show their diamonds. I don't wonder, if they all had to pay as much for their boxes as we did. We had to pay sixty dollars." She looked at the Marches for their sensation at this expense.

March said: "Well, I think I shall take my box by the month, then. It must come cheaper, wholesale."

"Oh no, it don't," said the girl, glad to inform him. "The people that own their boxes, and that had to give fifteen or twenty thousand dollars apiece for them, have to pay sixty dollars a night whenever there's a performance, whether they go or not."

"Then I should go every night," March said.

"Most of the ladies were low neck—"

March interposed, "Well, I shouldn't go low *neck*."

The girl broke into a fondly approving laugh at his drolling. "Oh, I guess you love to train! Us girls wanted to go low neck too; but father said we shouldn't, and mother said if we did she wouldn't come to the front of the box once. Well, she didn't, anyway. We might just as well 'a' gone low neck. She staid back the whole time, and when they had that dance—the ballet, you know—she just shut her eyes. Well, Conrad didn't like that part much either; but us girls and Mrs. Mandel, we brazened it out right in the front of the box. We were about the only ones there that went high neck. Conrad had to wear a swallow-tail; but father hadn't any, and he had to patch out with a white cravat. You couldn't see what he had on in the back o' the box, anyway."

Mrs. March looked at Miss Dryfoos, who was waving her fan more and more slowly up and down, and who, when she felt herself looked at, returned Mrs. March's smile, which she meant to be ingratiating and perhaps sympathetic, with a flash that made her start, and then ran her fierce eyes over March's face. "Here comes mother," she said, with a sort of breathlessness, as if speaking her thought aloud, and through the open door the Marches could see the old lady on the stairs.

She paused half-way down, and turning, called up: "Coonrod! Coonrod! You bring my shawl down with you."

Her daughter Mela called out to her, "Now, mother, Christine 'll give it to you for not sending Mike."

"Well, I don't know where he is, Mely, child," the mother answered back. "He ain't never around when he's wanted; and when he ain't, it seems like a body couldn't git shet of him, nohow."

"Well, you ought to ring for him," cried Miss Mela, enjoying the joke.

Her mother came in with a slow step; her head shook slightly as she looked about the room, perhaps from nervousness, perhaps from a touch of palsy. In either case the fact had a pathos which Mrs. March confessed in the affection with which she took her hard, dry, large, old hand when she was introduced to her, and in the sincerity which she put into the hope that she was well.

"I'm just middlin'," Mrs. Dryfoos replied. "I ain't never so well, nowadays. I tell fawther I don't believe it agrees with me very well here; but he says I'll git used to it. He's away now, out at Moffitt," she said to March, and wavered on foot a moment before she sank into a chair. She was a tall woman, who had been a beautiful girl, and her gray hair had a memory of blondness in it like Lindau's, March noticed. She wore a simple silk gown, of a Quakerly gray, and she held a handkerchief folded square, as it had come from the laundress. Something like the Sabbath quiet of a little wooden meeting-house in thick Western woods expressed itself to him from her presence.

"Laws, mother!" said Miss Mela; "what you got that old thing on for? If I'd 'a' known you'd 'a' come down in *that!*"

"Coonrod said it was all right, Mely," said her mother.

Miss Mela explained to the Marches: "Mother was raised among the Dunkards, and she thinks it's wicked to wear anything but a gray silk even for dress up."

"You hain't never heared o' the Dunkards, I reckon," the old woman said to Mrs. March. "Some folks calls 'em the Beardy Men, because they don't never shave; and they wash feet like they do in the Testament. My uncle was one. He raised me."

"I guess pretty much everybody's a Beardy Man nowadays, if he *ain't* a Dunkard!"

Miss Mela looked round for applause of her sally, but March was saying to his wife: "It's a Pennsylvania German sect, I believe—something like the Quakers. I used to see them when I was a boy."

"Aren't they something like the Mennists?" asked Mrs. Mandel.

"They're good people," said the old woman, "and the world 'd be a heap better off if there was more like 'em."

Her son came in and laid a soft shawl over her shoulders before he shook hands with the visitors. "I am glad you found your way here," he said to them.

Christine, who had been bending forward over her fan, now lifted herself up with a sigh and leaned back in her chair.

"I'm sorry my father isn't here," said the young man to Mrs. March. "He's never met you yet?"

"No; and I should like to see him. We hear a great deal about your father, you know, from Mr. Fulkerson."

"Oh, I hope you don't believe everything Mr. Fulkerson says about people," Mela cried. "He's the greatest person for carrying on when he gets going *I* ever saw. It makes Christine just as mad when him and mother get to talking about religion; she says she knows he don't care anything more about it than the man in the moon. I reckon he don't try it on much with father."

"Your fawther 'ain't ever been a perfessor," her mother interposed; "but he's always been a good church-goin' man."

"Not since we come to New York," retorted the girl.

"He's been all broke up since he come to New York," said the old woman, with an aggrieved look.

Mrs. Mandel attempted a diversion. "Have you heard any of our great New York preachers yet, Mrs. March?"

"No, I haven't," Mrs. March admitted; and she tried to imply by her candid tone that she intended to begin hearing them the very next Sunday.

"There are a great many things here," said Conrad, "to take your thoughts off the preaching that you hear in most of the churches. I think the city itself is preaching the best sermon all the time."

"I don't know that I understand you," said March.

Mela answered for him. "Oh, Conrad has got a lot of notions that nobody can understand. You ought to see the church he goes to when he does go. I'd about as lief go to a Catholic church myself; I don't see a bit o' difference. He's the greatest crony with one of their preachers; he dresses just like a priest, and he says he *is* a priest." She laughed for enjoyment of the fact, and her brother cast down his eyes.

Mrs. March, in her turn, tried to take from it the personal tone which the talk was always assuming. "Have you been to the fall exhibition?" she asked Christine; and the girl drew herself up out of the abstraction she seemed sunk in.

"The exhibition?" She looked at Mrs. Mandel.

"The pictures of the Academy, you know," Mrs. Mandel explained. "Where I wanted you to go the day you had your dress tried on."

"No; we haven't been yet. Is it good?" She had turned to Mrs. March again.

"I believe the fall exhibitions are never so good as the spring ones. But there are some good pictures."

"I don't believe I care much about pictures," said Christine. "I don't understand them."

"Ah, *that's* no excuse for not caring about them," said March, lightly. "The painters themselves don't, half the time."

The girl looked at him with that glance at once defiant and appealing, insolent and anxious, which he had noticed before, especially when she stole it toward himself and his wife during her sister's babble. In the light of Fulkerson's history of the family, its origin and its ambition, he interpreted it to mean a sense of her sister's folly and an ignorant will to override his opinion of anything incongruous in themselves and their surroundings. He said to himself that she was deathly proud—too proud to try to palliate anything, but capable of anything that would put others under her feet. Her eyes seemed hopelessly to question his wife's social quality, and he fancied, with not unkindly interest, the inexperienced girl's doubt whether to treat them with much or little respect. He lost himself in fancies about her and her ideals, necessarily sordid, of her possibilities of suffering, of the triumphs and disappointments before her. Her sister would accept both with a lightness that would keep no trace of either; but in her they would sink lastingly deep. He came out of his reverie to find Mrs. Dryfoos saying to him in her hoarse voice:

"I think it's a shame, some of the pictur's a body sees in the winders. They say there's a law ag'inst them things; and if there is, I don't understand why the police don't take up them that paints 'em. I hear tell, since I been here, that there's women that goes to have pictur's took from them that way by men painters." The point seemed aimed at March, as if he were personally responsible for the scandal, and it fell with a silencing effect for the moment. Nobody seemed willing to take it up, and Mrs. Dryfoos went on, with an old woman's severity: "I say they ought to be all tarred and feathered and rode on a rail. They'd be drummed out of town in Moffitt."

Miss Mela said, with a crowing laugh: "I should think they would! And they wouldn't anybody go low neck to the opera-house there, either—not low neck the way they do here, anyway."

"And that pack of worthless hussies," her mother resumed, "that come out on the stage, and begun to kick—"

"Laws, mother!" the girl shouted, "I thought you said you had your eyes shut!"

All but these two simpler creatures were abashed at the indecorum of suggesting in words the commonplaces of the theatre and of art.

"Well, I did, Mely, as soon as I could *believe* my eyes. I don't know what they're doin' in all their churches, to let such things go on," said the old woman. "It's a sin and a shame, *I* think. Don't you, Coonrod?"

A ring at the door cut short whatever answer he was about to deliver.

"If it's going to be company, Coonrod," said his mother, making an effort to rise, "I reckon I better go upstairs."

"It's Mr. Fulkerson, I guess," said Conrad. "He thought he might come;" and at the mention of this light spirit Mrs. Dryfoos sunk contentedly back in her chair, and a relaxation of their painful tension seemed to pass through the whole company. Conrad went to the door himself (the serving-man tentatively appeared some minutes later) and let in Fulkerson's cheerful voice before his cheerful person.

"Ah, how d'ye do, Conrad? Brought our friend Mr. Beaton with me," those within heard him say; and then, after a sound of putting off overcoats, they saw him fill the doorway, with his feet set square and his arms akimbo.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE INUNDATION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

On Friday, May 31st, a dam which held a lake in check in the mountains of Cambria County, Pennsylvania, gave way, and before the inhabitants of the valley were fully aware of their danger the waters were upon them, and the towns and the people were engulfed. The latest estimate places the loss of life at six thousand, and the damage to property at many millions of dollars.

Johnstown was a flourishing place, at the eastern terminus of the western division of the Pennsylvania Canal. It is the county-seat of Cambria County, and is situated in a valley of the Alleghany Mountains, at the junction of Conemaugh Creek and Stony Creek, which form the Conemaugh River, seventy-eight miles from Pittsburgh. A number of small villages along the creek and river are incorporated in Johnstown borough. The inhabitants of the borough number above 20,000. The Cambria Iron Company has its works there, and employs several thousand persons in the manufacture of iron and steel rails for railroads. The town also contains a number of tanneries, flour, planing, and woollen mills, several banks, sixteen churches and schools. Two and a half miles east of Johnstown is the site of the reservoir, which was one of the feeders of the Pennsylvania Canal. It is now owned by a corporation, under the title of the South Park Fishing and Hunting Club. This water, formerly known as Conemaugh Lake, is from 200 to 300 feet above Johnstown. It is one and three-quarter miles in length and a mile to a mile and a quarter in breadth, and in some places 100 feet in depth. The dam which held the water in check is 1000 feet wide, 90 feet in thickness at the base, and rises to a height of about 100 feet. It is over 20 feet broad at the top. The reservoir held more water than any other of its kind in the United States. Along the Conemaugh Creek, which flows from the reservoir or lake, are situated a number of small villages, the first of which is known as South Fork, of about 1400 inhabitants. Mineral Point, with a population of several hundreds, is below, and the other small towns, with the exception of Cambria City, are incorporated in Johnstown borough. Eighteen miles below, in the valley, is the town of Bolivar, Westmoreland County. The mountains on either side from South Fork to Bolivar form a perfect roadway, which admits of no outlet, and through which the river flows. About noon on Friday, May 31st, a low rumbling noise was heard, which increased to a roar, and before the people could realize the disaster a volume of water swept down the narrow valley and carried everything before it. The dam had burst, and the lake was emptying its waters into the valley below. The houses were caught by the flood, and torn from their foundations. Some were carried away by the raging torrent, which tore along the river course through the valley, while others were jammed in a mighty heap against an immense viaduct of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Johnstown. Later on this heap, which was nothing but a mass of timbers piled forty feet high, burst into flames, and hundreds who were imprisoned therein perished by the fire. The water up to four o'clock in the afternoon spread as far as Johnstown to the depth of seven feet, was supplemented by another torrent, which completed the destruction. This last rush swept everything before it, and those who were imprisoned in their houses were carried off to death. The great rush reached Bolivar at seven o'clock, and the Conemaugh River in a few moments rose from six to forty feet. Houses were borne onward with the flood, from which men, women, and children cried out piteously to be delivered, but it was impossible for the on-lookers to render any aid, and but few were rescued. Darkness soon covered the scene, and through the night could be heard the cries of the unfortunates as they swept on to their doom.

When daylight broke on Saturday morning the picture was a terrible one. Railroad bridges and passenger trains and their occupants had gone down before the flood. The waters bore the bodies of the victims down the current or cast them on the shores. Rescuing parties were formed, and from their stations on the river-banks managed to bring some living persons to the land, but few had survived the day and night of horror. It was impossible in many places to communicate with other towns, as the wires were down and wildest rumors filled the air. At length news came from Johnstown, and the worst fears of all were realized. There was scarcely a frame house left standing there, and but a single one remained in Cambria City. Conemaugh and other places had been totally wiped out. Thousands of people are homeless. Throughout Pennsylvania and other States calls have been sent out for aid and relief societies organized. Army and militia tents have been sent to the sufferers, and on Sunday many of the churches throughout the land took up collections for the purpose of alleviating the distress. The members of the Red Cross Society were on the scene as early as practicable. It is impossible to picture the misery. Home, family, and personal possessions have been completely lost to many. Each report adds new terrors to what is already known of the calamity, and the loss of property is something enormous. All along the course of the flood great damage has been sustained by towns far removed from the scene of the disaster, and peaceful sluggish streams have overflowed their banks and wrought ruin on all sides.

In the midst of these reports replete with misery and sorrow come accounts of brave deeds and heroic self-sacrifices. Men declined the rescuing hand in order that their wives or children might be saved, and sons died so that their fathers might live.

The pictures given on page 461 represent merely the first approach of the flood. Of the awful scenes which followed a corps of artists working on the spot will supply us with ample materials for illustration which will be reproduced in the Weekly to be published on June 12th.

THE HARVEST OF THE STORM.

On the fierce Baltic's storm-lashed shore he stood;
Still writhed the waves from the dead Tempest's wrath:
"Accursed winds and shoreward-thundering flood—
What human woe thy reckless fury cost!"
In truth, no heart was wrecked, no ship was lost
Keen-eyed for Ill, poor Dullard, blind to Good,
He saw it not—the Tempest's aftermath—
That wealth of uptossed amber in its path!

Charlotte W. Thurston.

ABANDONING THE "ADVANCE."

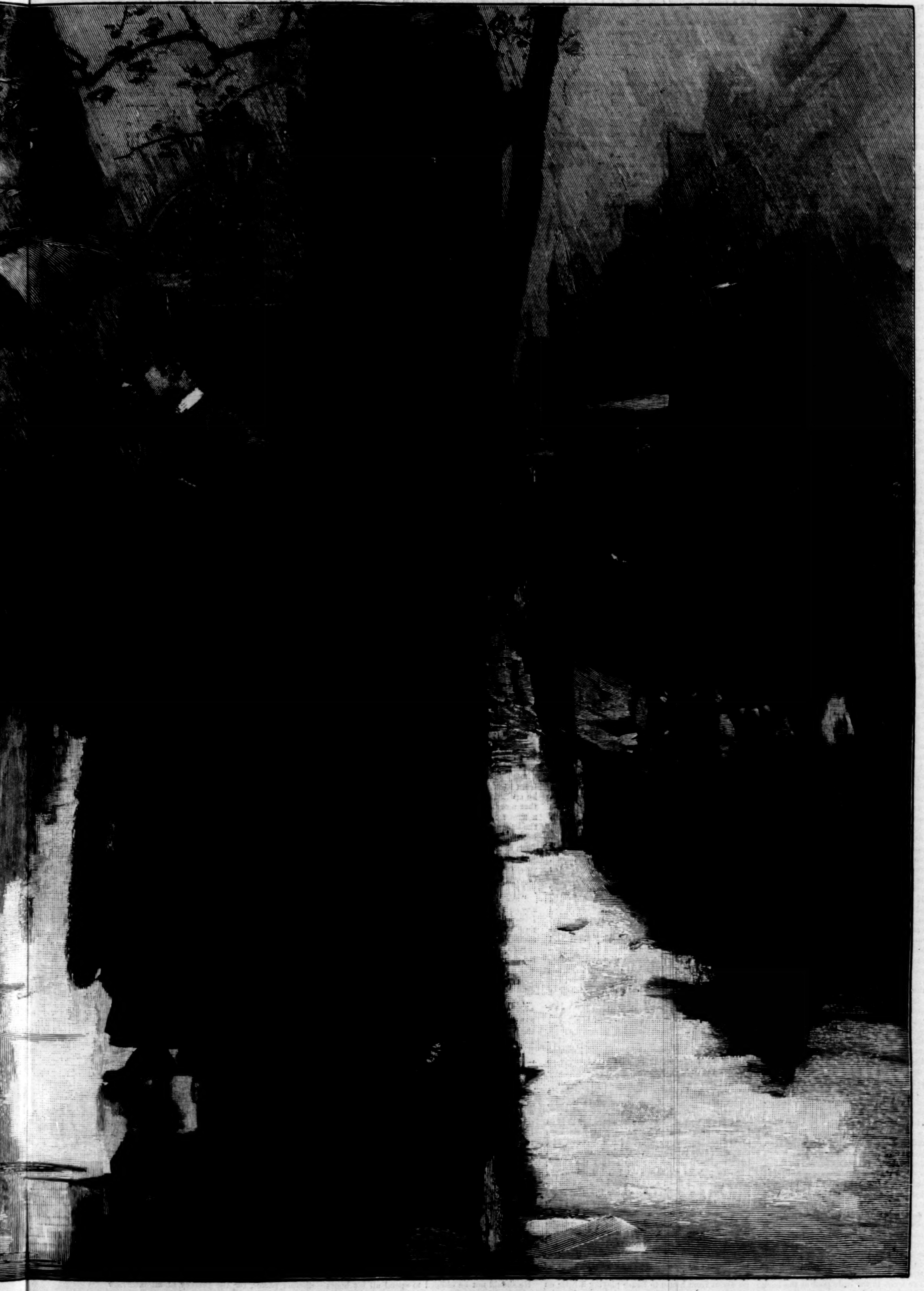
The painting of which we give a reproduction represents Dr. Kane and his companions abandoning the brig *Advance* at Rensselaer Harbor on Sunday, May 20, 1855, just after they had removed from the vessel its figure-head, which is now in possession of Kane Lodge, and had placed it in the bow of the whale-boat *Hope*. It is a dreary scene which the artist has depicted, although the light of an arctic sun is shining upon it, and there are suggestions of the dangers as well as the grim monotony of a two years' sojourn in the solitude of the far North. The group of figures seen in the foreground, surrounded by the Eskimo dogs, includes Dr. Kane, Dr. Hayes, and Messrs. Wilson, Borsall, Sontag, and Ohlsen, and others of the ship's company. The portraits are from photographs. Dr. Kane is looking off toward the brig, which is seen in the middle distance. The ship's spars and bulwarks are in part cut away, having been used for firewood, enough only being left to keep her seaworthy in case the ice should break up. Beyond is Fern Rock, with the little observatory in which the astronomical observations were carried on, and the cairn which marks the graves of the two sailors Schubert and Baker. To the right is a grounded conical iceberg, from which the party procured fresh water during their two years' imprisonment in Rensselaer Harbor, and in the distance is Cape Leiper. To the left, across the straits, lie Cape Hawkes and Cape Hayes, and floe bergs and rubble ice mark the line of the horizon. Floe bergs are huge elongated masses of ice, unlike icebergs in form, inasmuch as they have flat tops and vertical sides. Rubble ice is the broken, irregular piles of ice produced by the contact of one field with another when in motion, and the destruction and upheaval of the edges of the conflicting floes.

On the ice-floe, mounted on a sledge, is the whale-boat, on which a number of the crew, assisted by Eskimos, are stowing away the last few bags of provisions. In every direction ice in various forms is seen, and overhead an arctic sky, flecked with delicate clouds.

The picture was painted by Mr. Albert Operti, under the personal supervision of Captain J. Hall Wilson, a survivor of the second Grinnell expedition. The topographic details were taken from government charts, surveys, and photographs, and it is believed to be a faithful presentation of the scene. Mr. Operti has given a good deal of attention to the details and results of arctic research, and two historical pictures painted by him, "The Rescue of Lieutenant Greely" and "The Highest North of all Time," are now in the Capitol at Washington. The present work was undertaken for Kane Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, and was presented to that organization by the artist. Kane Lodge, as its name suggests, was founded in honor of one of the bravest of arctic navigators, who was himself a member of the fraternity. It was chartered in June, 1859, and numbers over four hundred members. As it is so closely associated with arctic exploration, and as the names of two of the officers of the *Advance* are to be found on its roster, the artist could have selected no more fitting custodian of his work.

The presentation ceremonies, which took place on June 4th, were preceded by the reception of the Grand Officers of the State of New York and a delegation from Kane Lodge, No. 55, of Newark, New Jersey, and the giving of a testimonial to Past Master Thomas E. Stewart by Right Worshipful Joseph Little, Past District Deputy Grand Master of the sixth district. Brother Charles J. Bliven, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, then introduced a number of well-known arctic explorers, who were received and welcomed by Most Worshipful J. Edward Simmons, Past Grand Master. In presenting the painting, Brother Operti spoke at length upon the subject of arctic history as treated by art. He said that while America had made ten-league strides to the regulation pace of the foreigners, Art, who has set her palette to do homage to great leaders, had seemingly forgotten her heroes of the ice, and he hoped at no distant date that Art would place upon historic walls her tablets to such names as Greely, Schley, Melville, Hall, Schwatka, and Gilder.

A WET DAY ON THE PARISIAN BOUL



LEVARD.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 460.]

THE WRONG CARD.

Mr. Hiram Leadbetter passed very lonely evenings. In fact he did not know what to do with himself since his wife died, and the delightful card party which had been gathered in the sitting-room of his little domicile for years was broken up. Since that time he had not even had an opportunity to play a two-handed game of euchre or high-low-jack, for in less than a week after his wife's funeral his old neighbor, who had formed one of the party, had gone to live with his daughter at the West, and the other member, his wife's youngest daughter, had married a sea-captain and sailed with him to South America. There were no card-playing people in the town now. The Pride's Corner minister did not approve of games, unless it might be, as he said, "an innocent game of checkers or fox-and-geese, at a suitable time." Hiram and his wife had joined the Universalist church years before over in Plumfield, where they lived in their youth, and where, as Hiram frequently remarked, "folks hed sense enough to know that religion hedn't nothin' more to do with checkers 'n' fox-'n'-geese than it hed with cards, 'n' thet Satan hedn't much int'rest in neither." But the worthy couple were shunned by the majority of the towns-people on account of their persistence in this unholy entertainment.

When the minister asked Hiram if his wife had not repented of her downward course before her death, his indignation was so great that he declared he was sick of the whole place, and was going to leave it anyway, whether he could sell his farm or not, though he answered the reverend gentleman very quietly that she was alwus a-believin' as well as a-doin' Christian, 'n' hedn't nothin' ter repent of, 'n' no regrets, without 'twas leavin' her family. The last words she said to him, poor M'riar, was, "How dretfully you'll miss your game evenin's, Hiram, if you can't git nobody to take my place!"

It was February then, and as it grew toward spring the long twilights were almost maddening in their dreary blankness. Heretofore there had been the one bright hour of lamp-light and the pleasing excitement of whist to look forward to before bedtime. M'riar would never consent to play until eight o'clock, as she did not hold that it was right to put by one's work until that time, unless she hurried to finish the task which she had allotted to herself for the day. But with such a pleasure before one, who would not wait? Cynthy, his wife's oldest daughter, had come to keep house for Hiram now—a neat and industrious spinster, the best of house-keepers, the best of cooks, but he did not find her company enlivening. She stepped about in her cloth slippers as noiselessly as a ghost, with her prim little mouth closed as tightly as if it had been fastened with a lock and key, and it was only at the table that she opened it, having a strange fashion of speaking the few words which she found it necessary to speak without moving her lips. She sang psalm tunes also in the same objectionable manner. When, on her first arrival, Hiram timidly proposed that they should try a game of euchre, just to while away the long evenin', she looked absolutely horrified, and said he "mustn't run of an idea that she had such dretful slack notions about things as ma had. She was clear Averill. Ma was a Baldwin. She hadn't no Baldwin blood in her."

Hiram was meek by nature, but he retorted, with considerable emphasis, that "daughters 't was half as good as such a ma as she was 'd orter be thankful, 'n' he didn't know what she meant by slack notions." But Cynthy made no reply. She was apparently absorbed in sewing what she called "slop-work," which occupation she pursued every moment which she could snatch from her household duties when she was not playing on her melodeon. Hiram settled into abject melancholy. Even the face of the sun seemed darkened; the very cocks crowed in a minor key; his food became tasteless, his sleep broken. He reproached himself for not being thankful for his mercies. If he had lost a good wife—he hadn't half realized until she was gone how cheery and comfortable a companion she was—he had still plenty o' cretur comforts. His tasks were light; there was no lack of money for his simple needs; his home was peaceful, at least, if it was lonely, and there was no more card-playing. "'N' here I be settin' up grievances," he would say over and over to himself. "Mebbe Satan does hev the doin' o' cards, as the minister said, the habit of playin' had me in so tight a clutch. 'Tis like gamblin', a kind er greed, though I hain't never played for a cent or nothin' in my life." And then he would console himself by concluding it warn't nothin' but a miss—missin' M'riar 'n' the cards too—'n' a miss at his time o' life was hard.

He tried to follow the example of his neighbors, and find entertainment by sitting in the store evenings, but it was even drearier there than at home. The men invariably talked politics or told sea yarns, and Hiram wasn't much interested in politics, and hated the very name of the sea, having been taken as cabin-boy by his father, who was a sea-captain, in his extreme youth, where he suffered untold agonies of sea-sickness. So he sat silent and listless while the other men argued and narrated. Sometimes one would ask his opinion when there was some disputed point to be settled, but he would shake his head dismally. "I can't seem ter git up enough int'rest in politics ter git the hang of 'em nohow. I catilate it's like fallin' in love, this fallin' into politics; folks must do it young; then they git it bad, 'n' it kinder hangs on to 'em."

When planting-time came the days were less tedious, his time and thoughts being so wholly occupied in working his little farm; but the evenings, though shorter, were more dreary than before. The frogs in the little pool at the back of the orchard seemed to be piping his own gloomy thoughts. The perfume of the lilacs was like a voice shouting continually of the good old times, when the lamp-light shone in M'riar's rosy and beaming countenance as she deftly shuffled the cards, the pleasant, expectant one of the wrinkled old neighbor, and the sympathetic, smiling one of the young girl opposite him at the table.

But one warm evening when Cynthy's voice and the mournful wail of her melodeon mingled with the songs of the frogs to the tune of "Federal Street" and "Balerma," Hiram, sitting dismally on the back porch, was suddenly blessed with a new idea. There were two maiden ladies, sisters, living over at Brimport, about six miles away, who were famous for card-playing. Hiram had known them when he was a young man and they were young women, and had sometimes enjoyed a social game with them, though they evidently regarded him as being somewhat beneath them, as he was only a farm hand then, and they the daughters of the richest ship-master in town. But living in a severely orthodox neighborhood, they were willing to stoop for the sake of having an opportunity to indulge in their favorite recreation. He had not seen them now for nearly twenty years, and affairs had changed since that time.

After their father's death they had lost the greater part of their property through bad management, and though they still lived in the spacious old family mansion, it was said that they had a hard time to make both ends meet. They had never married. The neighbors said that it was because they were so unlikely, "both inclined to be cranky, and Miss Lucy, the younger of the two, of a dreadful spunky disposition," which, in common parlance, means that she had a bad temper. Hiram was no longer a farm hand, but had a good farm of his own and bank stock besides, and was not to be looked down upon by the two spinsters, though they began life under so much more favorable circumstances than he did. Why should he not drive over to Brimport and play cards with them occasionally? The roads were not bad between Pride's Corner and that place, and Dolly, his old white mare, though not very nimble, was sure and steady, and was good for such a journey any pleasant evening, when she had not been working much during the day. To-morrow would be a leisurely day, as the early planting was finished, and he would just go over and make a call to see how the land lay in the direction of his desires.

Miss Lucy, as prim and polite as ever, opened the door in answer to his ring, greeting him with gratifying cordiality, and inviting him into the same room where he had spent such delectable evenings twenty years before. Everything seemed unchanged there, with the exception of Miss Lucy herself, who had grown old and sallow.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Leadbetter!" smoothing down her black silk apron with both hands, as if to emphasize her speech in this way. "I knew you was somebody I knew the minute I saw you coming up the walk. Now don't say a word, 'n' see if Jane 'll know you; she's coming in now."

But Jane did not exactly remember. She "reckoned he was somebody she used to be acquainted with, but there, he had the advantage of her anyhow."

"Can't you call to mind a card party that used ter play consid'able in this very room the year the cars begun to run here, 'n' the packet was took off that used ter land down ter the wharf below, 'n' your father 'n' ole Cap'n Turner had their meadows set out ter cranb'ry vines?"

Miss Jane, who was several years older than her sister, and not nearly as (what the Brimport people called) "genteel and pretty-spoken" as she was, though credited with being less fiery-tempered, reflected a moment.

"There, go 'long!" she exclaimed; "you're Hiram Leadbetter. Well! well! who'd 'a thought it? It's been a long spell since we sot eyes on you, an' we was speakin' about you not long ago. We saw your wife's death in the county paper."

Hiram did not care to be reminded of poor Maria just then; he was afraid they would think he had come courting. He was sure Cynthy and all his neighbors would be absolutely certain that such was the case when they found out that he had called on the Slater girls—they were still called girls, though Jane was more than sixty—and they would find it out in some way before the week was over. Pride's Corner and Brimport had nothing whatever to do with each other, but gossip of that kind seemed to go on the wings of the wind.

"M'riar wouldn't care nothin' about it," he reflected; "but there, it don't seem respectful to her mem'ry to have folks sayin' such things."

Miss Jane would not be satisfied, however, without hearing all the details of her illness, listening with a kind of solemn pleasure, and eager to know if the poor lady's countenance looked natural after her demise.

"Don't you never have a game o' whist or ole sledge now'days?" Hiram hastened to inquire, when these mournful preliminaries were over.

"Oh yes, whenever we get a chance," said Miss Lucy; "but that ain't very frequent, unless we play three-handed, or whist with a dummy, and that ain't very interesting. Cap'n Bowers, that's built that new house you see across the street, likes to play as well's we do, but his wife don't know one card from another, and if she tries to learn she just goes to sleep over it. But she's willing he should play all he wants to. Folks about here never were any hands for cards; most of 'em thinks it's wicked to play; the ministers both preach against it. Jane and I never should have learned if we hadn't gone to the city visiting at uncle's when we were young girls, likely as not, though pa sometimes liked a game when he was at home. There's a young set here now that go about from house to house playing a little on the sly in the winter-time. But they don't invite any of the older folks, and it's a kind of outlandish game they play—progressive euchre they call it, I believe."

"Yes, 'n' somethin' they call drivin' whist too," said Miss Jane. "Fur my part, I don't want no new fashions hitched on to my game. I like it plenty well enough as 'tis. Lucy"—addressing her sister—"if Hiram would put up his hoss, 'n' stop till after tea, Cap'n Bowers would be tickled ter death ter come over this evening, and we could hev a beautiful rubber."

Hiram looked radiant. "I don't want ye to put yourselves out on my account," he said, "but I should like a rubber first-rate. I shall have to start for home pritty early, though, for it's a good six miles, you know, 'n' in my neighborhood folks are expected to be in bed by nine er-clock, or a few minutes past."

"Well, I'll go right in 'n' speak to Cap'n Bowers now, 'n' we'll get under way early, so you can get home in good season. But I *do* wish you lived nearer, it's so hard to stop before nine o'clock."

Hiram hadn't enjoyed an evening for years as much as he enjoyed that one. "'N' M'riar 'd be glad of it," he kept saying to himself over and over again in answer to little prickings of conscience which he felt in his breast, that he should be so happy and she dead and gone.

Miss Lucy made a delicious cup of Old Hyson, brought out the best china from the old corner cupboard in the parlor, and as the trio sat about the festive board they became quite exhilarated. After tea, the card-playing neighbor appeared with his fat and jolly wife, who brought her knitting-work and sat down to watch the game, as she said, but who was soon fast asleep in her chair. Everything progressed beautifully. The first game was won by Hiram and Miss Lucy, the second by Captain Bowers and Miss Jane, and the first rubber by Hiram and his partner.

When this was finished, Hiram thought he really must be starting for home. It was a rather dark night, and he shouldn't be home much before nine if he drove at a pretty good jog. But they all protested against such an early termination of the festivities.

"You'll have a moon to light you in the course of an hour, 'n' you can get over the ground twice as fast then," said Cap'n Bowers; "'n' what's one rubber o' whist?—only an aggravation."

So Hiram remained for another. And this rubber was so exciting that he became entirely reckless, and played another without even looking at the clock. And it was just striking nine when he finally took his departure, having engaged to come and play again as soon as he possibly could, and to make arrangements to come once a week when the evenings should be longer and the farm-work over for the summer.

Poor Hiram! he felt fairly appalled as he drove along over the deserted roads and realized the lateness of the hour. The lights had nearly all disappeared in the houses far and near, and only night sounds were astir. The way for a long distance lay through deep woods, where the shadows were so dense that one must drive carefully and slowly to keep in the road; so it was after ten o'clock when he drove through his own gate at Pride's Corner.

"'N' here I be a widower, and she 'ain't been dead much more'n three months *yit*. But M'riar 'd be glad of it—she'd be glad of it," he still consoled himself by repeating over and over again.

He was careful to make as little noise as possible; but in the stillness of the hour his every movement woke answering echoes throughout the whole neighborhood. The roosters fluttered down from their perches and began to crow lustily as he opened the barn door, evidently in the belief that morning had come. The wagon wheels took a wrong turn and bumped against the wall, and the barn door had never squeaked so mercilessly before. Cynthy's head was immediately thrust from a chamber window.

"Is that you?" she called. "I've been real concerned. What's happened to keep you out so late? 'Ain't met with any accident, have you?"

"Well, it 'pears ter be me, 'n' I 'ain't met with any accident as I know of. I called on some old friends, 'n' we was havin' such a proper sociable time that time passed a little quicker'n I was aware of," said Hiram, trying to be facetious.

"That indeed!" remarked Cynthy, from her height, with great dignity. "But I thought this was a Christian communerty, where folks don't do jest as they do over to Plumfield." And she closed the window with considerable energy.

Hiram crept up to bed with a guilty feeling which he could not shake off in spite of indignant remonstrances with himself. "I 'ain't done the leastest thing to be ashamed of, so why should I care what Cynthy and the folks round here say? But I ain't goin' to let on jest where I spent the evenin', though Cynthy 'll try to find out pritty hard. She's master close-mouthed till she gits ter askin' questions, then you find out she has got a tongue 'n' no mistake."

But Cynthy had found out before the next afternoon, though he had been very discreet under her cross-questioning. The news had been brought by a neighbor. Cynthy's indignation was too deep for words, but her looks were fairly overpowering, stern, injured, contemptuous; and poor Hiram, sitting opposite her at the table, found it hard work to swallow his food under such a weight of displeasure; and hurried out-of-doors as soon as possible.

At twilight she wailed "Balerma" and "Federal Street" with such unparalleled dismalness that the whippoorwills themselves were silenced, and flew away from their accustomed perch on the old pump in the orchard. But Hiram bore the music with more fortitude this time. The memory of last night's cheer and the sure prospect of more such evenings in the future served to uphold him. He should not be obliged to spend all his hours of relaxation to the tune of Cynthy's melodeon.

The next week he drove over to Brimport again, and spent a more delightful season, if possible, than before; and all through the summer, even during haying-time, he managed to go and indulge in one rubber at least as often as once a fortnight. The games had become quite thrilling now, and the ladies were not a whit less interested in them than Hiram and Captain Bowers. They looked forward impatiently to Hiram's appearance, for there were few bright spots in their lives.

"I don't see why you can't come over once a week when the harvest is in, Mr. Leadbetter," Miss Lucy said to him one evening.

"Bless me!" said Captain Bowers, "I believe I shall be obliged to pull up anchor 'n' be off to sea again if you can't come as often as that. This is a confoundedly dull place to stay ashore in."

"Oh, *do* come, Mr. Leadbetter. Card-playing's kind o' lonesome for me, but anything to keep John contented at home," the captain's jolly little wife chimed in.

Then Miss Jane added her voice to the general pleading. "It's real harrowin' to get so interested in games," she said, "'n' then have to wait so long between 'em."

And he thought he could come once a week till winter set in; "'twould be kinder hard gittin' over then." A great pang came over him when he looked forward to that time. From the first of September to the middle of October nothing occurred to hinder this happy arrangement. The weather was beautiful; the roads continued good; the moon smiled upon his way. It is true, Cynthy grew more and more solemn and severe, and the whole village, from the squire's family down to the half-gypsy folk who inhabited a rat-ridden barn on the outskirts of Hiram's farm, were talking about him, for it was impossible for them to believe that a man would drive so far as that, so often, and at such regular intervals, for any other object than courting, and that they all agreed was shameful, as his wife had only been dead a few months. But Hiram bore it all with a good degree of composure, the wailings of Cynthy's melodeon being the only thing which he felt that he could not endure.

But about the middle of October the fall rains commenced—a dreary and disheartening drizzle which lasted weeks almost without intermission. The dark nights shut in early, and there was no possibility of going abroad. Then, after the rains were over, the roads were almost impassable, and for four whole weeks he was unable to go to Brimport, and on that occasion it took him so long to get there, there was only time to play two games of cards, much to the regret of the whole party.

"I tell you what, Leadbetter," said Captain Bowers one day, in the absence of the ladies, "you must come over to Brimport and live. There's no other way as I can see. What's the use in living over there to Pride's Corner all alone when there's such good company over here? A cheerful winter you'd have with nothing to 'liven up your evenin's but the presence of that awful glum-lookin' woman I saw over there the other day! And here's Miss Lucy all ready ter name the day, I've no doubt—good-lookin', genteel, 'n' about the best card-player I ever *did* see. A little lively tempered, maybe, but that ain't such a terrible fault."

"'Twill be a dretful lonesome winter, 'n' M'riar wouldn't care; she'd be glad—she'd be glad," said Hiram, with serious reflection. "But then, if she'd have me, 'twould be too soon; folks 'd wear their tongues out talkin' about it."

"If you mind what folks say, your peace of mind is gone in this world. Let 'em talk if they want to."

Hiram pondered deeply on this advice for a week and two days, and during this time the weather was cloudy, the wind moaned around the house, keeping time with the monotonous click of Cynthy's sewing-machine or the harrowing wail of her melodeon.

"Supposin' she's willin' to have me, 'n' everything should go smooth," he reflected, "am I doin' right to have her jest ter rid o' these lonesome evenin's without any card-playin' or any heartenin' sociability of any kind? I don't set any great store by Miss Lucy, 'n' that's a fact. I'd give more for one look o' M'riar's than twenty years of her society, 'n' I'm afraid what folks say about her havin' an unlikely temper is true. She's flared up once or twice over the card-playin'. Still, I hev a proper friendly feelin' fur her, 'n' respect her highly fur her good qualities, fur she has good ones, certain; 'n' she's smart too—smart as a steel-trap, Lucy is, 'n' pritty-appearin' too—genteel, in fact, fur a rough farmer like me."

But as the days went on he became more and more inclined to take the advice which had been given him, and one bright sunny afternoon in November, the first sunny day that had blessed the world for a long time, he harnessed Dolly into the top-buggy, and donning his best black broadcloth suit, which had been purchased for his wife's funeral, and was most impressive in its shining and unwrinkled newness, drove solemnly toward Brimport.

Cynthy looked after him with dilated eyes and open mouth, for he had never dressed himself so elaborately for his evening outings, and the neighbors, like the historical Cortez and his men,

> "Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
> Silent,"

save for sundry spasmodic ejaculations on the part of some, such as, "I told you so!" "Disgraceful!" "Did you ever!"

Miss Lucy opened the door to him as usual, and seeing him in this state, she also seemed somewhat taken aback. Hiram's countenance was deeply serious, but was deprived of its usual calm.

"I—I'd like ter speak to you alone, if it's convenient," he said, stammeringly.

"Oh, certainly;" and she led the way into the disused parlor, for the privacy of an interview there none alive would dare to interrupt.

"You see," he began, pulling at his somewhat ragged fringe of whisker, "I couldn't come over to play cards reg'lar in the winter-time. I—I s'pose I might come over now 'n' then when the sleighin' was real good, but 'twould be oncertain, proper oncertain, 'n' I've been a-thinkin' 'twould be master lonesome through the long cold winter evenin's."

"Oh, dreadful lonesome!" sighed Miss Lucy, wondering what he was driving at, after all.

"'N' in the course o' meditation," he continued, "it come acrost me that—that p'r'aps you'd be willin' to merry me, 'n' I could let my farm to M'riar's—that is to say, my wife's—oldest son John, 'n' come here to live, if—if 'twould be agreeable all around. There ain't any other way, as I see."

Miss Lucy blushed, and nervously pleated her black silk apron into folds for a moment without speaking.

"Well," she said at length, "I've got kind of out the way of marrying, 'n' so set in my ways that I'm afraid I should find a husband the least bit trying. However, as it's you, Mr. Leadbetter, why, I'll think of it, and let you know in a few days. It's too soon, I—"

"I s'pose 'tis too soon. The regerlation time fur a widower to take another companion seems ter be a year, but I don't know as we're obligated ter foller the fashion." And having quite recovered his self-possession by this time, he explained to her just how he felt on this point, because he knew just how M'riar 'd feel: she'd be glad, he was so lonesome.

"Don't put yourself out a mite, though," he added; "but if it's goin' to be, it's got to be right away, because, you see, I've got a good chance to let my farm now. John's ready to come this month, but if I put him off, he'll get another place before spring."

"Well," said Miss Lucy, "I don't see as there's any other way, as you say; but it seems dreadful sudden; and how folks will talk!"

And before Hiram left the house the time had been set for the wedding—just two weeks from that day—every detail had been arranged, and Captain Bowers, who was greatly delighted, had invited them to his house for a wedding supper.

Everything was ready when the happy day arrived, and Hiram departed for his new home at an early hour, carrying with him such worldly goods as his betrothed had expressed a desire to have, namely, one brass kettle, two new wash-tubs for which Maria herself had bargained with a tin peddler, also two tin milking-pails and an assortment of pans, several small farming tools, and tied to the back of the cart his best Jersey cow.

Many curious eyes attended him as he drove through the village, and every small detail of the morning was repeated over and over again to those who were not so fortunate as to have seen it.

The wedding ceremony was performed at the Slater homestead in the afternoon, and all would have gone off well if Cousin Louisa, when she was asked to sing something appropriate to the occasion, had not struck up "Thou art gone from my gaze," accompanying herself on the ancient, heart-broken, and spider-legged piano. Hiram, who was not generally superstitious, felt that it was a bad omen, and the indignant Miss Jane declared that it was just like Louisy for all the world, so nervous and flustrated that she made 'bout everybody 'bout crazy with her blunders. Captain Bowers, who facetiously called it *his* wedding, was the life of the party, and the wedding supper which he gave lingers still in the happy memory of most of the participants. When the relatives and near friends had all departed, with the exception of Miss Jane, the captain proposed, as wedding days didn't come often in one's life, they should be reckless for once, and play whist as long as they liked, and it was after the solemn midnight before the party broke up.

Hiram found a plenty to occupy himself in his new home, for everything had gone to decay through neglect and want of means, and whatever he did he found his Lucy inclined to manage the situation, and have her own way at all cost. But his equanimity was not easily disturbed, and though he may have entertained some fears for his future peace of mind, was not at all prepared for what happened one evening about six weeks after the wedding.

They were playing some very exciting games of cards, Captain Bowers playing with Mrs. Leadbetter and Hiram with Miss Jane, when Hiram detected his wife in playing a trump which she had withheld when trumps were called before.

"Hold!" he cried; "you cheat, you cheat! You denied trumps just now."

She darted him one glance full of unspeakable rage, and throwing her cards in every direction, rose from the table and fled from the room, slamming the door after her. The two men seemed perfectly stunned with astonishment.

"Lucy always was dretful quick-tempered," said poor Miss Jane, looking deeply mortified. "She gets over it pritty quick, but I guess we may as well stop playin' for to-night. We sha'n't any of us feel like it now."

"I ought not to have spoke so hasty, but I didn't mean no offence," said Hiram, and following his irate spouse, he apologized humbly for what he had said.

But this only seemed to infuriate her the more.

"I won't bear being accused of cheating by anybody!" she cried. "Leave my house at once, and don't you ever dare to darken my doors again!"

"There, now, Lucy, I reckon you don't know jest what you're sayin'," said Hiram, growing very white. "I see it's no use talkin' to you now. I'll wait till you come to your senses."

She sent a perfect torrent of angry words after him, but he paid no heed to them, and betook himself to the kitchen lounge for the night, hoping to find her in a different frame of mind in the morning.

But her anger had not abated in the least degree, and she still repeated her command that he should leave her house, and never darken the doors again. Poor Miss Jane remonstrated with tears in her eyes, saying she hadn't been so comfortable in twenty-five years as she had since Hiram had been in the house to provide and care for things. How kind and thoughtful he had been, and then to treat him in this way, and he her husband too!"

"Well, Lucy," said Hiram at length, "if I go, I shall go for good. I sha'n't never come back again; remember that. I'm sorry that I spoke so hasty, as I've said over and over again, but I can't do no more about it as I know of."

"Come back, indeed! I'll never speak to you again in this world—never."

It took Hiram some time to collect his possessions and reload them on the cart, and it was quite dark when he drove through the village of Pride's Corner after the same fashion in which he left it a few weeks before. The blue tubs were there, and the brass kettle, with the moon's face reflected in its shining depths, and the Jersey cow walked sedately along behind, lowing gladly when she came in sight of her old home. But the friendly shades of evening hid him from general observation this time.

"I played the wrong card. I hadn't ought to hev merried her jest for the sake of the games evenin's, and p'r'aps my punishment's only just. Folks mustn't be too self-indulgent, fur pleasure is alwus desateful," Hiram said to himself, sadly.

But though it was humiliating to be sent home in this way—and the event has not yet ceased to be talked of at Pride's Corner—Hiram began to feel in a few days that his punishment was not as great as he deserved. John's folks were very glad to take him as a boarder, and John's household was a delightfully cheerful one. Cynthy's melodeon had vanished with her. A rosy-cheeked little boy played about the house; and to crown all, John's jolly little wife was an enthusiastic whist player; her sister, who lived with her, was of the same mind; and John himself was always willing to take a hand. Hiram brightened into something of the kind of a man he was while Maria was living.

In the course of two or three months Lucy wrote him a letter saying "if he would return to the side of his grief-stricken wife he would be forgiven all."

But Hiram could not bring himself to think it his duty to do so. "'Twouldn't be more'n another six weeks before she'd flare up again, 'n' it's jest like livin' on the aidge of a volcano to be her husband," he reflected; "'n' ef a man can have a chance ter play whist without encumbrances, it's a good deal better. But I'll take care to give her a good maintainance." And so he did.

SUSAN HARTLEY.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE first impression on leaving the train at the Ithaca railway station, as you look out upon the landscape, is that of surprise; and the more you see and know of the location of Cornell University, and of what has been accomplished since its inception in 1865, the more the wonder grows. From the station only two or three towers on the university campus are visible. You find yourself presently upon an elevated plateau. Four hundred feet below you is the beautiful Cayuga Valley, closed in on the south by hills, and extending on the north to the lake of the same name, which expands to an inland sea forty miles to the north and west. Standing upon the university grounds the outlook is grand and picturesque. Ithaca lies at your feet, a thriving city, and on the hill-sides beyond are scattered farm-houses, breaking the rolling country, which is divided into alternate fields and forests, and affording a range of view that in the late afternoon or at sunset is of almost unparalleled richness. A finer spot for the location of a great institution could hardly have been selected. The magnificence and the glory of nature suggest greatness to the imagination, and both the plans and their present execution betray the influence of the location upon the founders and builders of the university. At the two sides of the plateau, to the north and to the south, streams descend, like the water at Lodore, roaring and sparkling and foaming from cataract to cataract, into the gulch, that deepens through the soft rock nearly five hundred feet. The wildness of this great gorge is only paralleled by the magnificent beauty of the outlook from the campus above. To the east, beyond the university grounds, the country is open, and does not differ from the other farming lands of the country.

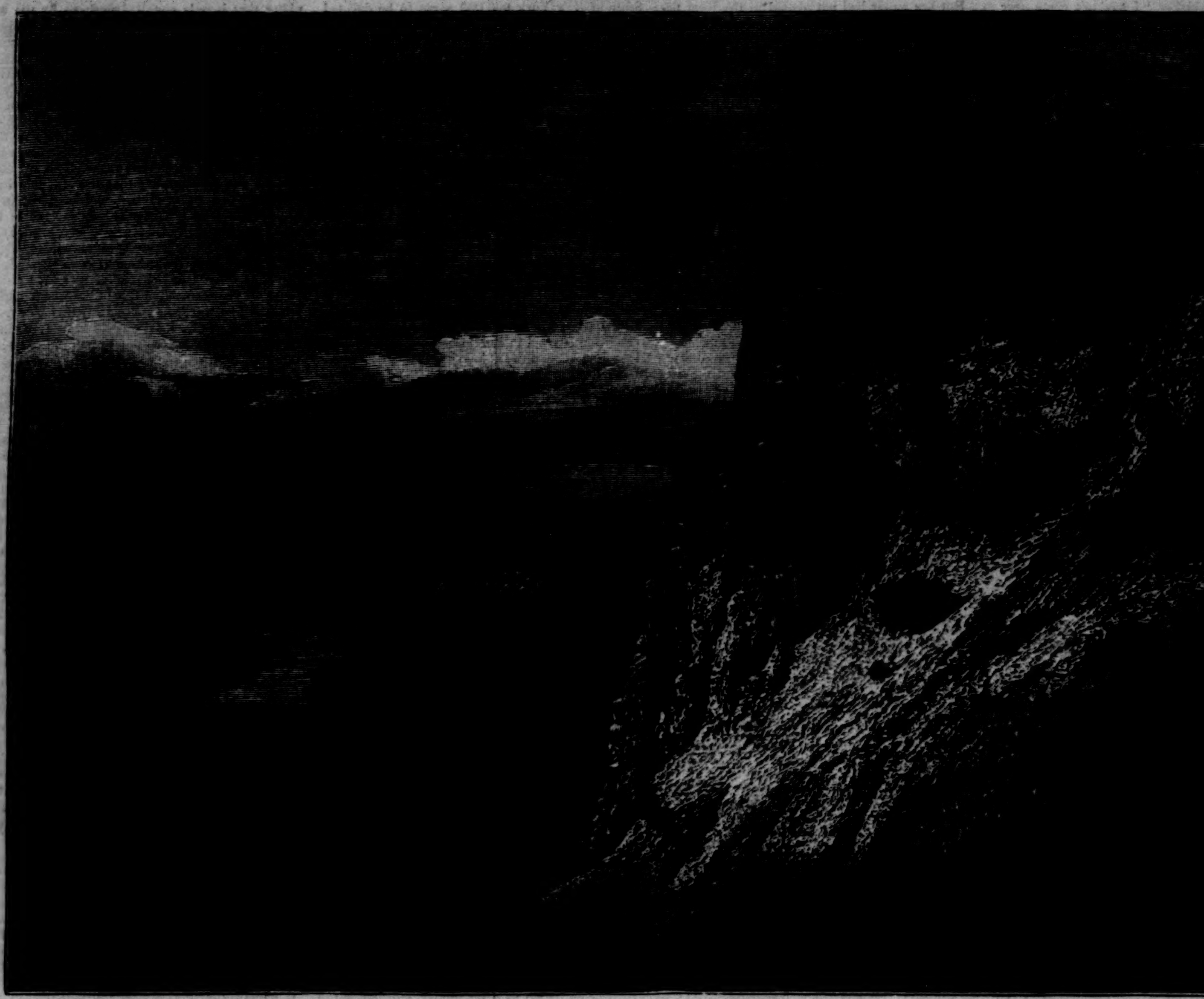
Cornell University is planted in central New York, in the great farming region of the State. Its very location indicates its relation to the soil; its foundation stones are instruction in agriculture and the mechanical arts, not less than the development of the higher and purely academic education. Like Oxford and Cambridge in its range of study, and yet so unlike them in the freshness of its growth, it is a complete educational centre. Nothing adventitious, nothing but men and women transferred from contact with the virgin soil to its halls, gives it character or assists in its work. Ithaca furnishes its supplies, but not its culture or its society. It is unlike the institutions of the East in its remoteness from an intellectual centre; it is more like the institutions of the West in the newness of its methods and in the free and generous spirit of the youth gathered to its academic retreats.

It has been modelled, so far as one institution can be made like another, upon the University of Michigan, where President White had originally the professorship of history and political science. Cornell University grew out of the Morrill land grants of 1862, which gave to the State of New York 990,000 acres, to be devoted to agricultural and industrial education. This was valued at $600,000, and the question in the Legislature at Albany was how it could be best used for the promotion of State education. Mr. Ezra Cornell and Mr. Andrew D. White were in the Senate at the time when the disposition of this grant had to be settled. Each of these men, unknown to the other, had thought how this land script could be best employed in the interests of education in the State. Mr. Cornell had become suddenly rich, and in a moment of inspiration said to the Legislature: "If you will adopt a charter acceptable to me, I will add $500,000 to the lump sum granted by the general government. What I desire may be expressed in a single sentence: I would found an institution where any person can find education in any study." Mr. White worked hand in hand with his friend to put this noble conception into practical form. The State of New York accepted the condition implied in Mr. Cornell's comprehensive idea, and in 1865 the university received its name from its first and greatest friend, and began to take organic shape. Great founders are ever men of great ideas, and though Ezra Cornell was not himself a university man, his thought and experience enabled him to comprehend at a glance what an American university, adapted to the needs of the people, ought to be. Mr. White, trained in the best traditions of Yale, with a mind enlarged by contact with the free spirit of the West at Ann Arbor, with a personality at once enthusiastic and strong, was the natural co-founder with Mr. Cornell of the institution. Each supplemented the other, and neither was willing to be surpassed by his companion in devotion to the great enterprise. Mr. Cornell lived for the university, gave to it his energy and far-sightedness as a business man, and almost his last words were: "Do not give up my policy. The land will yet be worth three millions of dollars." For eight years, from 1873 to 1881, the university had a hard fight for existence against bankruptcy. Its pine lands were unavailable in the market, and the trustees, thoroughly aroused to its needs, contributed nobly to its maintenance, and refusing to sacrifice great prospective endowments, chose to exhaust their own means in carrying on the institution rather than to allow the sale of its pine lands at a great loss.

It is only through sacrifice and devotion that great principles find their lodgement in the minds and hearts of men, and bring forth worthy results. Cornell University was built upon the plans of Mr. Cornell and Mr. White through the aid of the State government. It was built in its spiritual fibre upon the devotion and self-sacrifice and comprehensive foresight not only of these leaders, but of the resolute and devoted company of trustees and early teachers associated with them. Turning back through the twenty years since the institution began as a university, and looking at its history in the light and in the shadow, the ripeness of its plans, the absence of radical mistakes in the carrying out of its policy, and the rapidity of its material and intellectual development are typical of American civilization on its best side. To-day, with twelve hundred students on its roll-call, with an equipment of buildings which is without a parallel in America, with a faculty which represents a large number of our best educators, with a variety of departments that recalls the many-sided activity of the educational centres of the Middle Ages, with libraries and museums and collections that compare favorably with those of institutions established for two or three centuries, with a grip upon the best methods of education which is almost beyond the reach of an institution weighted down by traditions, and with a President who combines large foresight with excellent executive gifts, Cornell University stands in the vantage-ground, if not at the head, of American educational institutions. The University of Michigan may have a larger plant, and may have more completely realized its development; Johns Hopkins has been able to do much more post-graduate work; Harvard and Yale have widened out upon the old foundations to a breadth and a variety of work belonging to the university; but from the very start, Cornell, beginning with the methods pronounced the best twenty-five years ago, and unfettered by the traditions of the past, has been able, with the assistance of the best men at its command, to take a lead in American university education which was practically beyond the reach of other institutions. With all the drawbacks incident to its isolation, its trustees have been able to gather to it the resources of money and of material which were necessary for the illustration of its different departments, and make it practically complete within itself. Its groups of buildings, the cottages erected upon the outskirts of the campus for its professional corps, not less than the unique character of its intellectual development, impress the stranger, as they more and more satisfy the student who seeks here enlarged facilities for his instruction, that Cornell is a great educational centre. It was the policy of President White to gather at Cornell the best men to be had, and that policy has been maintained ever since. It was partly the advantage for a fresh educational start which Cornell promised that induced Professor Goldwin Smith to leave the classic halls of Oxford and give his service, without salary, to the new institution in central New York, and he has always been one of the most devoted friends of Cornell University. In Europe its fame is said to exceed that of all other American institutions, and this is largely due to the influence which Professor Smith himself has exerted in its favor. Other men less widely known, but from the first, and some of them, still engaged in instruction, have stood among the foremost educators of America in their several departments. This university has avoided the drawbacks of many similar institutions, and has gone forward in its organization and development with a rapidity that is only equalled perhaps by the way in which Johns Hopkins University has itself been developed, and its influence brought to bear upon the higher educational life of the United States.

The method employed at Cornell is the German method. The instruction is very largely by lectures, and examinations based upon them, allowing in the mean time each student a large opportunity for seminary work. This implies that the students themselves shall be sufficiently advanced to study by subject rather than by memorizing. It also implies that the students have reached years of discretion, and have begun to know their own minds. This is as true of the men as of the women. Sage College, established upon the university grounds, and intended to give women the same education that is received by men, has offered to the sex for at least a dozen years all that the university offers in the higher education. Here, as at Michigan University, the experiment of co-education has been freely and fully tried, and the stimulus brought into the lecture-room and the class-room by the presence of the two sexes in friendly rivalry with one another is one of the moral victories of modern education. One of the marked features at Cornell is the intellectual seriousness and purpose of the students. Out of twelve hundred under-graduates, nearly two-thirds come from the State of New York, and both sexes are taken largely from the farming region of the interior. They represent the best native element. The spirit of self-culture rules among them; many of them are struggling to improve upon their birthright and surroundings; and the vices of an institution located in or near a large city are practically unknown. Indeed, the principle of self-respect may be said to be so well established at Cornell that it takes away the rigor of college discipline. The institution governs itself. Without committing itself to any especial form of Christianity, the Christian religion is treated there in its proper place, and for what it means in the order of actual life. The university preachers on the Sage foundation represent fairly the best pulpit talent in America, and for a portion of the year the students are brought voluntarily into touch and sympathy with some of the leading religious minds in the country. In addition to this the students themselves take the religious oversight of one another in weekly and sometimes daily meetings, which, under the auspices of the Christian Association, bring the sheltering influences of his own religious home to bear upon each student. This also is a large element in what amounts to the self-discipline of the university. The absence of dormitories on the university campus is both a loss and a gain. The students are so far left to themselves and their own resources that they take care of themselves, and are scattered all over the sections of Ithaca immediately outside of the university grounds. The good working spirit of the institution encourages the self-respect that promotes manliness of character, and the social relations between the young men and the young women represent the freedom and intelligence of the best society of America. The Greek letter societies have built chapter houses which furnish delightful rooms to many of their members. The relations of the Cornell faculty to one another upon the academical grounds, where inevitably they are a company by themselves, are of a very delightful character. It reminds one of Weimar, in what we know of it during the best years of Goethe's life. Its refinement and the variety of entertainment which it supplies contribute greatly to the elevating and refining influence of the place. Not only are the faculty able to maintain a choice social existence, but the students themselves, to a great extent, are brought within this circle and feel its influence. The young people who enter Cornell with the marks upon them of their previous rustic life feel unconsciously a new atmosphere, and are improved and changed by it, and the academic inspirations are felt in the elevation and the brightening of the outlook upon life itself. The frequent narrowness of a denominational institution is not known; the university is really the antitype of what is best in the world outside.

It must not be inferred, however, from the serious impression here given of Cornell University that it is deficient in the gayety and freedom that belong to the youthful age. Four times in the week the Freshman and Sophomore classes are engaged in military drill on the campus in the afternoon, and their warlike parade furnishes at once exercise and recreation. The large gymnasium, with its perfect appointments, gives opportunities for athletic exercise of all sorts. Boating is within reach on Cayuga Lake. The grounds furnish ample scope for games of foot-ball, and lawn-tennis and other amusements are in constant demand among the students. The outlying country, at the proper seasons, tempts students to walk in every direction. Sage College is a centre of great social interest. Each young lady is allowed to receive her friends on two evenings in the week, and no worthy student is without opportunities to enjoy the companionship of charming young women whose interests in life are similar to his own. The policy of Cornell authorities is not to suppress the healthful relations of the sexes, but to use them, so far as possible, in the mutual building up of character. The naturalness of the home, its moral tone, its refinement, its promotion of right feelings, is the characteristic of Cornell society. Within limits, the largeness and the healthful freedom of the life there are a welcome surprise to those who are interested in the best tendencies of American education. It was the free outburst of a Harvard professor who visited Cornell, on coming to feel the wholesomeness of the associations there: "I feel as if I must send my boy here!" And it was the outburst of a Boston minister, on his first sight of Cascadilla Gorge, "Nature itself marked out this place for a great university."



CHARACTERISTIC SCENERY OF THE CLAY FORMATIONS NEAR ASHCROFT, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—From a Photograph.

SCENERY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

British Columbia is to a certain extent trough-shaped, for whereas the coast is margined by the lofty parallel ranges of the Cascades, and the eastern border is guarded by the Rocky Mountains, range beside range, the interior consists of a great hill-broken valley, drained by two great watercourses—the Fraser and the Thompson rivers. The latter is in reality a tributary of the Fraser, into which it empties at Lytton; but it occupies a wide valley, and drains an important lake system in the southeastern part of the province, while the main stem of the Fraser comes from the far North to Lytton, where the combined currents break their way through in a westerly direction to the coast, forming the magnificent Fraser cañon. It is the valley of the Thompson, and afterward the Fraser cañon, which the Canadian Pacific Railway takes advantage of to make its picturesque passage of the multiplied coast ranges; and a feature of the scenery along the lower Thompson, near Ashcroft, forms the subject of the illustration.

This southern central interior of British Columbia has one of the driest climates on the continent, although you can sight snow-covered mountains in all directions (except south) from almost any hill-top, and will see portentous rain-clouds coursing overhead and discharging their contents on the distant heights. This is due to the fact that the rain-clouds drifting in from the Pacific are arrested by the lofty Cascades, condensed by their cold summits, and deprived of a large part of their moisture, while the remainder, buoyed up in the rarefied, equable, and steady currents of the upper air by the volumes of heated air always ascending from the dry plains, drift over to the Rocky Mountains before they encounter any interference sufficient to precipitate the residue of moisture. Two circumstances result—one, the absence of forests, which there is not rainfall enough to support; and second, the great size of the rivers, which flow steadily and strongly from the abundant snows of the bordering mountains right across the intervening valley. As all these rivers were more fully fed and stronger in past ages than now, and as the whole country has been undergoing elevation, the rivers have been able to cut deep channels, and both the Fraser and the Thompson now flow some hundreds of feet below the general level of the country.

The elevation of the district appears to have ceased from time to time, and then to have gone on again, for the lofty banks of the rivers—especially in places where they have a cliff-like steepness—show a succession of well-marked terraces, one above the other, which can be traced for long distances as plainly as one can see the railway embankment. From just below Kamloops, where the North Thompson comes into the South Thompson, and where a trap dike dams the water back into a beautiful lake, down nearly to Lytton, these terraces form a very striking feature of a landscape which is one of the most curious in America. The train runs upon a sinuous ledge cut out of the bare, irregular south side of the Thompson, where the headlands are penetrated by tunnels, and the ravines spanned by lofty bridges. In the purity of a trout brook the river whirls down a winding torrent path as limpid and green as an emerald. Sometimes are rounded cream-white slopes; next, cliffs of richest yellow, streaked and dashed with maroon, will jut out; then masses of rust-red earth, suddenly followed by an olive-green grass slope or some white exposure. With this gay and fantastic color, to which the doubly brilliant emerald river opposes an artistic contrast, and over which bends a sky of deepest violet, there goes the additional interest of great height and breadth of prospect, and a constantly changing grotesqueness of form, caused by the water and wind wearing down rocks of unequal hardness into odd monumental semblances and other phases of mimicry, reminding one of architectural, human, or animal figures. Near Ashcroft the rocks are overlaid with great deposits of stiff clay, in which the action of the atmosphere and of the streams of water which follow the occasional deluges that now and then fall with tremendous energy have worn deep gullies, and left a strange ruin of titanic towers, spires, and broken walls, which blaze with strong light on one side and cast sharp and fantastic shadows on the other, as is suggested in the illustration. Not all the scenery is cast in this grotesque mould, but the strange forms and gaudy hues of the rocks, the clay cliffs, and the scantily herbaged terraces, through which this grass-green river races, impress themselves most strongly on the memory.

There is plenty of evidence of life. Kamloops is a flourishing town of two or three thousand people, and steam-boats ply along the river and lakes above and below it. Lower down we see many ranches; and a wagon-road was long ago cut into the cliffs along the lower Thompson, to form one of the routes to the Cariboo district, which still accommodates considerable travel, while colonies of Chinamen are busily engaged here and there in washing the river gravel for gold. Ashcroft—a modern town with several hundred inhabitants—is the supplying point for farmers, cattle-men, and miners, and the point of departure for Cariboo, Bakerville, and the well-settled gold-mining region of the northern interior.

Farming here, however, can only be done by irrigation; and the fact that most of the streams flow in deep channels renders irrigation difficult and expensive except for limited areas of bottom-land. Fruit raising succeeds wonderfully well. The hills and treeless valleys are covered with nutritious bunch-grass, and grazing will always be the most important industry—an industry which is constantly on the increase over the wide area between the Thompson River and the United States boundary, as well as somewhat to the northward.

Ernest Ingersoll.

THE AMBUSHED PICKET.

The battle-field is not the only scene in which the soldier's courage and fidelity to duty are tried. There he has the excitement to buoy him up, the presence of comrades to animate him, and the immediate commands of superiors to carry out. As a sentinel or vidette his duties and responsibilities are of a somewhat different sort. In lonely service of this sort he may find the highest demands made upon his stout-heartedness, his watchfulness, his military aptitudes. The soldier who has escaped even a scratch on a dozen bloody fields may meet his fate in outpost duty from the death-dealing messenger of the hostile rifle, while the brief record, "shot on picket," covers many a tragedy of war never told.

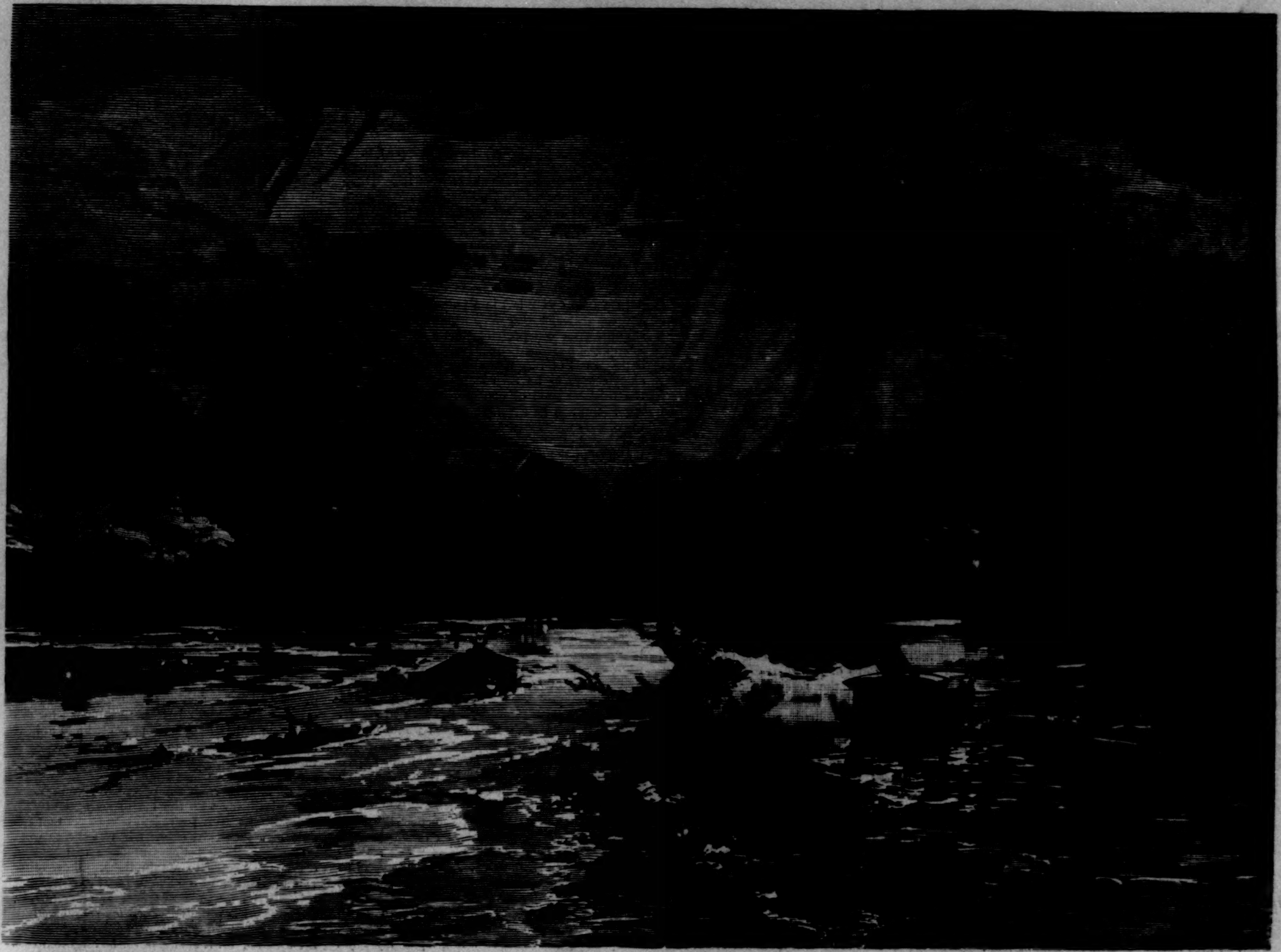
In this number of the Weekly Mr. Remington presents one of these scenes. His picture of the horse dragging by one foot the hapless rider, who has been shot in the saddle on his lonely ride, and has plunged headlong, shrinks from no detail to add to its effectiveness. There is always an element of deep pathos in the fate of an ardent and heroic soldier who would gladly yield up his life facing his foe in the stress of a great conflict, but is doomed to fall a prey to an ambuscade. Perhaps no warriors in the world are more skilled in the arts of ambush than the Indians of the West. Even where there is little or no assistance to be had for this purpose from the nature of the ground, they can often effect a surprise by extraordinary devices. General Cook once said that he had known sixty Apaches to lie in the open prairie, where the grass could not fully conceal them, and yet somehow elude the notice of a wagon team moving on the trail near by, and then, when it had passed without suspicion, spring up and capture it.

"A WET DAY ON THE BOULEVARD."

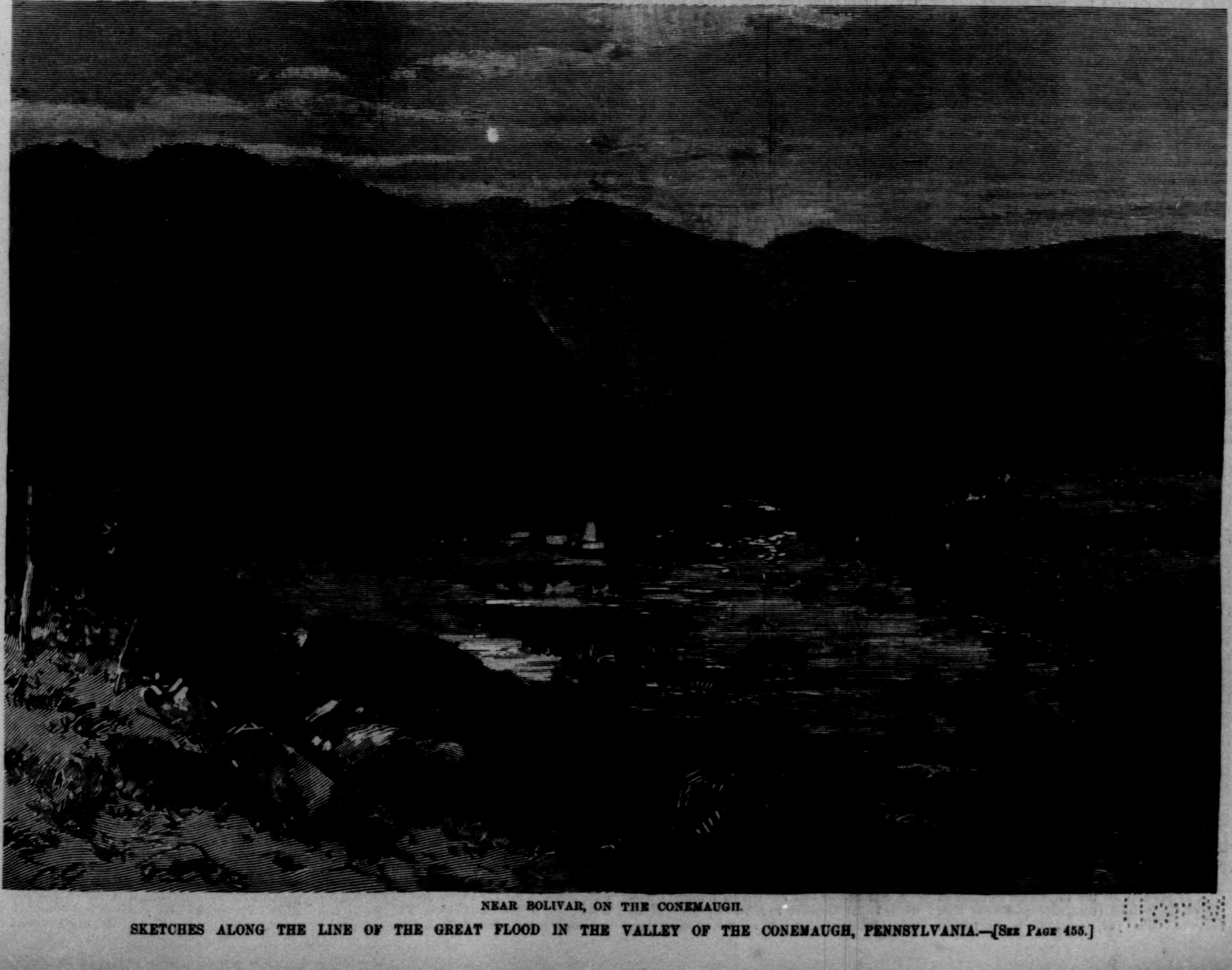
"Il pleut, bergère." So goes the refrain of a famous old French song. But what did it really mean in regard to a common incident in the times when it was voiced to the accompaniment of the spinet? When the first drops fell, would the shepherdess, decked "à la Watteau," have scurried across fields, seeking the "umbrageous shelter of the *agrément rustique*," as the Hôtel Rambouillet, with its euphuisms, would have designated a simple tree? Probably the "*chaise à porteur*" of the marquise would have been near, and so ensconced, crook and all, within her Sedan-chair, that shepherdess would have had enough of Mademoiselle de Scudéri, of Florian, until the sun shone again. What sympathy could there have existed between a beribboned shepherdess and soggy sheep? Yet for some short distance the lady of quality of the days that are past may have had to trip along on her high heels through the wet grass, and most gracefully did she acquit herself. French women do not play at shepherdesses to-day; the prettiness of the Little Trianon is merely traditional; but as to elegance of *démarche*, the French woman is ever the same.

You cannot say that a French woman is in her element in the rain, but short of a deluge she is not disconcerted. What is a downpour to her? There is intuitive elegance in the management of her skirts. She never trails the hem even of her dress in the Paris mud. How it is done simply defies the imitative powers of those of her sex of other nationalities. An English woman has no assimilative qualities. An American, without becoming a servile copyist, can deck herself as does a French woman; but when a New York, Philadelphia, or Boston woman is caught in a shower, try and try as she may, she is a failure. Where the art of the French woman comes in, never has been clearly defined. She is really neither better shod nor gloved than is her American sister, for both hold in horror the cut, form, make, of the English shoe or boot, and yet as madame or mademoiselle glides across the wet pavement or the sloppy street, umbrella in one hand, the folds of her dress held in the other, there is a sprightliness of step, an easy balance, an apparent indifference to the downpour, which is indescribable. It is her perfect repose which makes her mistress of the situation.

Mr. Smedley, who has a peculiar acquaintance with the elegances of French life, has selected one of the most difficult of subjects. To give "a wet day on the boulevard" was to catch in the female figure the ideal. The transit the lady makes is not far; perhaps only from the carriage across the sidewalk to the awnings of the café. In form, pose, and step she is wonderfully graceful. Though the shower may be a sharp one, she will reach her destination without a single drop of water marring her toilet. Of course the gentleman who is with her is exercising all precautions, but as far as the rain is concerned, or his umbrella, such is her peculiar magical art that she could have taken care of herself without him. Frenchmen are particularly observant, exacting in fact, in regard to what they consider should be the ways of an elegant woman. She must play her part well. Though Mr. Smedley has not represented the *habitués* of the café as prying, they have undoubtedly watched every movement. They are too polite to express their admiration at the elegance, and, above all, good-breeding, shown in this little incident. Should she not have been ease itself, that would have deprived their refreshments of their quality, their coffee would have been of bad flavor, their absinthe without proper fragrance. They would have felt as a personal slight, a sign of the coming decadence of their race, any gaucherie on her part; for, modifying a well-known axiom, in France to be awkward is worse than to be criminal.



JOHNSTOWN AND THE CAMBRIA IRON-WORKS.



NEAR BOLIVAR, ON THE CONEMAUGH.

SKETCHES ALONG THE LINE OF THE GREAT FLOOD IN THE VALLEY OF THE CONEMAUGH, PENNSYLVANIA.—[See Page 455.]

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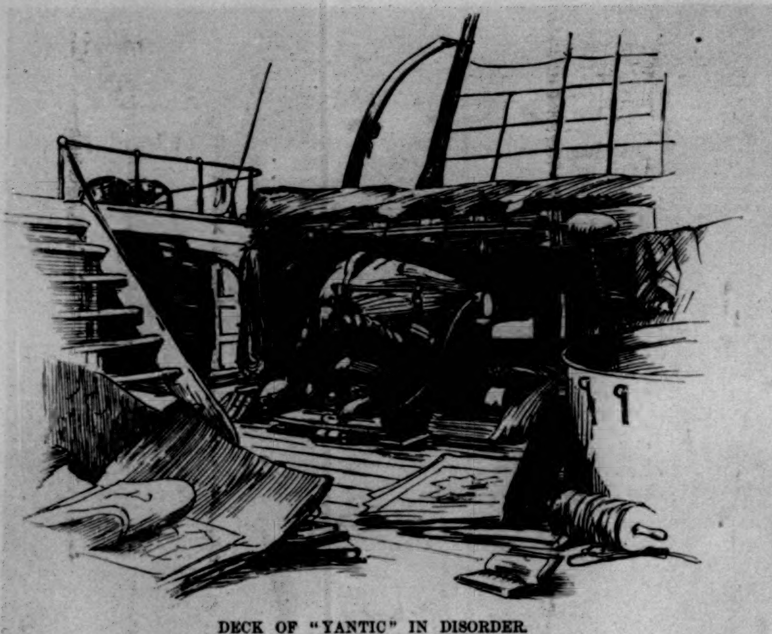


DECK OF "YANTIC" IN DISORDER.

THE "YANTIC" IN A HURRICANE.

The corvette *Yantic* made as brave a show as any vessel in the navy during the parade at the close of last month. Belonging to that build of ships somewhat of the past, her graceful lines were pleasantly familiar. On the 10th of May she left New York, her duty being to destroy such floating derelicts as obstruct the ocean highway. As these floating wrecks follow the current of the Gulf Stream, the cruise of the corvette was to be up and down and across that tepid stream of water, and with torpedoes she was to blow up and sink such derelicts. In the pursuit of this particular duty the *Yantic* encountered, May 21st, in latitude 38° 35', longitude 68° 23', a terrific hurricane, in which she lost her foremast, main-topmast, and mizzen-topmast. The force of the wind and waves was so great that she was thrown on her beam ends, and remained for fully an hour in that perilous condition.

On the 21st the *Alice Borda*, one of the most noted of derelicts, was met. This vessel was a fairly large three-masted schooner, loaded with lumber. Filled as she was with her floating load, her chance of existence might have been very long. As a source of disaster to vessels, the *Alice Borda* was considered the most dangerous of all derelicts. The officers of the *Yantic* at once made preparations for her destruction, but, as will be seen, the *Alice Borda* had great powers of resistance. First a torpedo of gun-cotton was exploded under her stern. That staggered the derelict. The jagged ends of her timber load were made visible, but the schooner still floated. Torpedo number two was then fired on her starboard side, about midships, and a big gap made in her side. She took that heavy punishment with apparent unconcern. She reeled a little, recovered herself, and floated along quite complacently. A third torpedo was put on deck about midships, and finally a fourth torpedo was placed under her bows. This last blew off all her nose. But still, being of the kind hard to kill or drown, she seemed to defy attempts to sink her. Trappers may have to show the scalps of wolves in order to obtain their bounties, so the wheel of the *Alice Borda*, and some of her wood-work with her name painted on it, were secured and put on the *Yantic*, which steering gear can now be seen; but as to the wood-work, something quite curious happened to that. In the seas that washed completely over the *Yantic* one of these identical bits of planking broke loose, and was swept through one door of the officers' cabin on deck and out of another door, so that the name painted on it could be seen, as if in mockery, and then the plank was carried overboard and lost.

Just when final measures were to be taken by means of guns to knock the *Alice Borda* into chips, on came the howling gale. Its threatening presence had already been signalled. Barometric indications foretold the storm. In twenty minutes the mercury had tumbled down five-eighths of an inch. The *Alice Borda* was left, and every preparation was made to make the ship safe. Commander J. C. Rockwell was too efficient a seaman not to know what might be expected.

In the afternoon at 3.30 the hurricane, coming from the south, struck the corvette. It was not a cyclone; had it been, the sweep of it would have been circular. But simply as a hurricane it was bad enough. There was not a stitch of canvas on, but by force of sea and wind over bent the corvette; she struggled yet a while in battle with the most powerful of nature's forces, and then she had to give way, and was on her beam ends on her larboard side. The *Yantic* has a free-board of not more than four feet, and so at once everything was flooded. Then captain, officers, and a gallant crew were active, cool, and replete with good judgment as to the ways of getting the ship on an even keel again. It is one of the false notions acquired from sea novels that seamen take axes and chop down the mast as would lumbermen a pine-tree. What they do, in order to regain their centre of gravity, is to cut away halyards, stays of wire or rope, that hold the great stick in its place. As quickly, then, as possible, all the stays were cut, and as one of the men on board expressed what then followed, "Bless you, sir, before you could count three she jerked that stick out of herself, and then it was stand from under." With the loss of the foremast came that of the main-topmast and a portion of the mizzenmast. Such heavy spars and masts, though they right a ship, as happened in this case, are sources of danger; they still hang by means of tackle to the ship, and with the force of the great green seas they thrash and pound the vessel's sides. It was five o'clock when the foremast was cut away; then the decks were deluged, and the fires under the boiler were drowned out, but the worst was over. Men were put to the pumps, and some little water was taken from the ship. The second whale-boat, the cutter, and dingy had been swept overboard. It was eleven o'clock that night before the fires could be made to burn; and with the first steam pressure that noblest of all engines, so ignominiously called "the donkey-engine," did excellent work. It was found, as was to be expected, that the *Yantic* was leaking, and men had plenty to do to aid with hand-work the steam-power. Crippled then as was the *Yantic*, it was believed that she had seen the worst of a hurricane, and would soon make a port. But it was doomed that the corvette should receive another rousing buffet from the same storm, or what was left of it.

It was rough enough on the 22d, but on the 23d on came another blow quite as heavy as the first one. The *Yantic* was now without her foremast, and consequently elevated at the bows and depressed at the stern. She had her steam-power in fair command, but there were uncertainties as to her condition. She might leak more, and the chances were that in the terrific gale she would become unmanageable. If she were to lose her rudder or get it jammed, there might have been nothing ever heard again of the *Yantic*. Then came into play the real old-fashioned seamanship of her commander, and he used the drag—something which in a furious gale of wind Gloucester fishermen resort to. A sail was stretched on a triangle made of heavy spars, and to this was suspended an anchor of 700 pounds. This, thrown into the sea and secured by a hawser to the ship, kept her in position.

By means of the sea drag and steam-power the straining of the vessel was prevented, her bow was kept in the proper direction, and the chance of breaking her rudder lessened. At once the benefits of this old-fashioned method were apparent. What, however, is to be particularly noted was the effects of oil on the surface of the water. There was on board two barrels of lard oil for illuminating purposes, and for painting the ship a small quantity of linseed-oil. To eke out the supply of oil the two ingredients were mixed. On the starboard closet oakum was put, on which the oil was poured in quantity and allowed to drip. On the bow on the same side a canvas bag was kept filled with oil, the contents falling slowly into the sea. Conditions were then at once changed. Around the ship on the starboard side, from whence came the shocks of the water, there was, if not a calm, certainly a moderate sea. Instead of angry waves hammering the sides of the ship until she trembled, their effects were null. The oil is declared, especially by Lieutenant Richman, the navigator of the *Yantic*, to have acted like a charm. The *Yantic* then, with drag, oil, and steam, faced the second blow, and the next day, with her crest somewhat cut, prepared to make her way for New York.

The men, during the trying times, behaved in the pluckiest way. Officers watch for such gallantry, and are always pleased to report it. When the foremast came down with a crash, the blocks tumbling down, the great ropes lashing themselves like huge whips, the seas thundering on deck, one man said to another, "Hey, Bill, now that your mast's gone, what will you do for a job?" Another fine old sailor, the armorer of the ship, who for distinguished service in saving life wears a gold medal given him by the United States, knew by old experience that there was a fair chance of drowning. That man took his many decorations from his ditty-box, buckled them on his breast, and declared that "if he went down it would be with all his medals on him."

A man-of-war that has passed through a hurricane is not supposed to mind very much about the appearance of things when she comes into port; but just as soon as the worst was over, matters had to be put to rights again, so as spruce as ever, notwithstanding that some of her feathers were knocked out of her, the *Yantic* steamed into New York on the 24th of May, looking as saucy and pert as ever; for her engines and steam-power were just as efficient as when she made such a fine show at the parade. The sketch of the *Yantic* shows her on her beam ends.

The smaller picture represents one portion of the deck just astern, where the pantry bulkhead was stove in during the gale of the 21st. There may be neither confusion nor even litter on board the deck of such a thoroughly well-drilled ship as is the *Yantic*, but the accidents of the 21st and 23d May were quite near to a shipwreck. Considering that all the officers and men whose quarters were on the larboard side were in the sea for hours, the amount of damage done was great. All the books were left in a pulpy condition, and as to the uniforms, they were utterly ruined. There is nothing more depressing than a cocked hat in a limp and undefined condition. All the "cock" is taken out of it. When the artist made the sketch, were to be seen hanging out to dry in the neighborhood of one of the big guns, taking advantage of the first warmth of the sun, the officers wardrobes, epaulets, the ship's charts, books, and all the diverse articles to be found on board ship. At the dock, too, were sunning all Jacks damaged "duds"; for in accidents of this nature all hands suffer as to their worldly goods.

THE ACTOR AND HIS DUTY TO HIS TIME.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ACTORS' FUND SOCIETY, AT PALMER'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1889.

At this moment the faculty of eloquence would be a precious possession. It is an honorable privilege, as well as a great pleasure, to share in the proceedings of this delightful occasion, and I wish it were possible for any words of mine adequately to express the esteem in which that privilege is held by me. Dull indeed would be the spirit that could not be impressed by the intrinsic loveliness and the artistic meaning of this imposing scene; by the presence of this remarkable assemblage, remarkable equally for genius, intellect, beauty, sensibility, noble achievement, exalted character, and auspicious promise; and by conscious and thrilling perception of that noble and beautiful art, the art of acting, of which this assemblage is the visible sign. As I look upon this brilliant throng, as I remember the sacred cause and the great profession that are represented here, as I consider for what high and worthy and sufficient reasons you are assembled in this place, many thoughts come crowding upon my mind which I might naturally wish to clothe in suitable language, and submit to your genial acceptance. It is difficult, however, in such a presence as this wisely to choose and firmly to guide the messengers of the agitated brain. I must therefore crave your indulgence if I restrict myself in some measure to the written word, for otherwise in my excitement and agitation I might treat my subject as that indecisive Baptist minister, the friend of Charles Lamb, treated the old woman whom he was baptizing in the Thames, and whom he held under water so long that she was drowned, before it occurred to him to lift her out.

Once again is exemplified here the puissant and perpetual charm of the stage, its ever-changing but never-dying sway over the fickle multitude whereby an actor's prosperity is obtained and assured, and its placid dominion, held as with a sceptre of roses, over the educated mind, the refined taste, the comprehending spirit, the adequate and responsive heart, whereby an actor's fame is clearly defined and permanently established. Back of this occasion stand the prosperity and renown of the American drama. There are observers who always take a despondent view—drab-colored and unmitigated—of the condition of our theatre. In each succeeding period of dramatic history contemporary writers are found who declare that the stage is in a decline, and is much inferior to what it was in earlier and better days—those halcyon days when Noah gave amateur private theatricals in his ark, and himself played Aquarius, with a real watering-pot. No doubt its condition has always fluctuated, and no doubt in this respect the future will resemble the past. But there never was any warrant for the proclamation of a hopeless theatrical decline. Such lamentations have always proceeded from idealists. Their error consists in the wrong custom of judging exclusively by the standard of the scholar and the man of taste an institution that can only exist—independent of subsidy—when it is made to please and satisfy many classes of people. We do not take the opinion of the multitude upon such a subject, for example, as the poetry of Shelley or the paintings of Murillo; but to a certain judicious and well-considered extent we must take it upon the question of the acted drama. It is the presence of this element which has inspired a long line of Jeremiahs in their irrational moans over the alleged fatal degradation of the drama. If there was an audience for the flippant levity of Foote and the bovine drollery of Tate Wilkinson, there was also an audience for the aerial intellect, the glittering comedy, the tragic fire, and the exquisite pathos of Garrick. The horse-dramas that were shown at Drury Lane in the palmy days did not finally invalidate the sovereignty of Mrs. Siddons or the glory of her companion monarchs, the princes of the proud house of Kemble. Edmund Kean held his sceptre notwithstanding "Catalini's pantaloons." The same journals of the passing hour that record a long and remunerative currency for *The Parlor Mat*, or *The Kitchen Poker*, or *The Old Hen-Coop*, or *The Hole in Uncle John's Sunday Breeches* must also record that Edwin Booth is sometimes paid ten thousand dollars for one week of his Shakesperian acting; that Joseph Jefferson finds throughout America a practical response for dramatic art as perfect in form as even the best of exigent Paris, and refined with a poetic spirituality to which the stage of Paris is a stranger; that Miss Mary Anderson acts for a whole season to crowded houses at the London Lyceum Theatre in a Shakespearian comedy; that Henry Irving and Ellen Terry have had three long seasons of splendid prosperity upon the American stage, giving only plays of the highest order, and giving them only in the best manner; that under the management of Albert M. Palmer a single good play, in three seasons out of five, runs through the whole of a theatrical year in this capital; that Miss Ada Rehan, playing Shakespeare's shrew, has been as widely and as eagerly accepted as ever Woffington was in Wildair or Nisbett in Rosalind; and that Augustin Daly not long ago obtained a brilliant career of nearly fourscore nights in the prosaic city of New York for the most delicate and evanescent of dramatic compositions, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is perfectly true that in the present period, which is one of turbulent democratic upheaval, the social caldron is boiling with such furious impetuosity that the dregs often come to the surface, and for a while remain there. It is perfectly true that a widely potential factor in contemporary civilization is Mediocrity, and that under the influence of this malign and stupefying force various venerable and noble ideas are for a while discarded or modified. But when allowance has been made for every qualification, it remains a truth that the stage was never so great or so powerful in this republic as it is to-day, and never before so capable of wielding a superb influence upon the advancement of society.

The word that ought to be spoken here and now is, nevertheless, a word of warning. In the period of nearly thirty years, during which I have been, in my humble way, a continuous writer about the stage, it has seldom been my fortune to write anything that was intended specially for actors. My writings have been intended for the public, and they have been prompted and guided by an ardent desire to broaden and deepen a thoughtful public interest in the stage. There are many and various benefits to be derived by the community from an appreciative and sympathetic intimacy with the art of acting and with dramatic literature; and it seems to me that the duty of a theatrical essayist is to indicate what and where those benefits are, and to urge and entice the people to obtain them. Many other views are taken of the avocation of criticism, but this will be found a practical and useful one. Every effort is propitious for the general welfare which tends to dignify the popular estimate of the theatre; for it should never be forgotten that an institution, like an individual, may be prominent and influential without being either rightly understood or properly respected. In John Gay's comedy of *Three Hours After Marriage*, it is said that "a parrot and a player can both utter human sounds, but we allow neither of them to be a judge of wit." The old view of the stage—much as the stage was followed and enjoyed—is often a blandly tolerant and half-contemptuous view. To adjust that mistaken estimate—which is still extant—and to assist in the education of public opinion respecting the intellectual aspects of the acted drama, is a worthy mission for a theatrical writer. He mistakes his function when he assumes the attitude of an instructor to the players. He should no more undertake to teach an actor the art of acting than he should undertake to teach a doctor the science of medicine or to teach a lawyer the science of law. In addressing my observations directly to you, the representatives and guardians of the acted drama, I am speaking not as an instructor, but simply as an observer stationed in the outer circle of theatrical affairs. Great and potent as the stage now is in America, it is not as beneficent as it ought to be, and therefore I think that a word of warning may properly be spoken with reference to the duty of the actor to his time.

The period of national development through which we are passing is strongly marked by two characteristics—cynical levity and a studious but insincere and unscrupulous consideration of popular caprice. Almost everybody makes light of almost everything. The young people, upon whom modesty would sit with so much grace and sweetness, are too often "smart" and pert. Their elders, whom charity and gentleness should adorn with cheerful composure, are too often fretful and harsh with distrust and sarcasm. No historic career, no personal character, no principle of action, no occurrence of life, is so serious that it cannot be made the subject of a jest. Slang is printed in almost every newspaper and spoken in almost every drawing-room. The mind of the nation is tinged with a jocose and vulgar humor, and the voice of the nation is raucous with a rude hilarity. You may hear, indeed, if you will pause to listen, the hum of industry, the fine poetic murmur of reverence and aspiration, and faint and far away, the gentle note of worship, the mellow music of the bells of God; but the prevalent and almost the overwhelming sound is the sound of the guffaw. Beneath this boisterous joviality there is a spirit—not universal, but widely diffused—of crafty and sordid selfishness. The tone of our politics is often mercenary and mean. Accepted, practised, and approved methods of our business partake of an indirection which is almost fraud, and which certainly is incompatible with a fine sense of honor. Agnosticism has so shaken the fabric of ancient faith that to thousands of persons religion, ceasing to be a refuge and an anchor, has become merely a fashion of vacant ceremonial. In many directions luxury is rampant, and in all directions it is passionately desired. The mood of the populace (notwithstanding the awful admonitory fact that the American republic had not existed one hundred years before it was convulsed by the bloodiest and most hideous civil war of which history makes any record) is a mood of vainglorious complacency; and in this the people are stimulated to the utmost by the American press. We hear continually of the *rights* of man, but almost never of his duties. Foreign elements, seditious, boisterous, dangerous, actively pernicious in many ways, and made potential through abuse of the suffrage, largely affect or entirely control the disposition of our practical affairs. Public office, the chief object of political intrigue, and not infrequently made a commodity for barter and sale, is often perverted in its functions and disgraced in its incumbents. An insane greed for sudden wealth startles the observer by its prevalence and its rapacity. Youth is trained to acquire the rewards of industry and enterprise, not by prudent, patient, and continuous toil, but by craft or the strong hand. Manners—the final and perfect flower of noble character and a fine civilization—are so completely overwhelmed by violent and boisterous vulgarity and insensate hardness that they can scarcely be said to exist; while refinement, which is the essential comfort and charm, and which ought to be prized and guarded as the crown and consummate glory of social life, is oppressed and insulted at every turn. Haste and strife, flurry and racket, convulse the towns and madden the population. Men and women are hustled and packed into the public conveyances as if they were hogs in a pen. The sanctity of the individual is not merely disregarded; it is unknown. Reckless newspapers print whatever they please, and the honest man, bemired by their abuse, who proceeds against any of them for libel is universally ridiculed as an over-sensitive fool. The book-stalls teem with fiction that is either erotic delirium or sentimental rubbish. Thirty-five years ago a woman was thought to be courageous who dared to read the novel of *Jane Eyre*. To-day the loathsome feculence and hideous moral leprosy of the novels of Émile Zola may be seen in public places borne in the hands even of young girls. The spectacles that are still admired as architecture—the New York Post-office, the Cooper Institute, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and kindred horrors—elude specification, and are indeed too terrible for words. The sounds to which we listen unmoved would deafen or would destroy any other people this side of China or Madagascar. The morning, noonday, and evening steam-whistle rising from a thousand able-bodied boilers; the intermittent tooting of a hundred aerial locomotives; the clank and rattle of incessant railway trains in the air and tramway cars in the shattered and jagged streets; the pounding of heavy trucks over broken pavements; the clangor of dissonant church bells; the strident blast of the ubiquitous and incessant hand-organ; and the rasping yell of the licensed vender—they are all here, so that often, after listening for a day and a night to the infernal din of this capital, I think that New York has become what the great orator Rufus Choate declared Boston Common would become if ever the occupation of it should be granted to the acquisitive desire of the Boston and Providence Railway Company. "At present," he said, "it is a peaceful pleasure-ground, wherein your citizens can walk abroad and recreate themselves. Grant it to this corporation, and what follows? Ætna—Vesuvius—Stromboli—Cotopaxi—Hell."

The sentiment of patriotism is a noble and lovely sentiment, but it cannot be nurtured by self-deception. Undoubtedly the shield has two sides. There are great and auspicious elements in our civilization, and since the web and woof of our time are woven of various colors, the fabric shows bright as well as dark. The beautiful observation of Charles Reade is as true of our people as it is of any other: "Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows." If it were not so, the battle would be lost already, and further struggle would be useless. But these things that I have stated are true, and they indicate a tendency in the drift of our time—by no means historically new, but as dangerous as ever—against which every intellectual force of the age, either directly or indirectly, ought to be arrayed.

There are two institutions which, beyond all others, indicate the condition of the public mind, and which, equally beyond all others, affect its tone and influence its movement. These two institutions are the newspaper and the stage. The supreme and universal rulers of human conduct are woman, vanity, money, political ambition, and religious fanaticism; but among specific social forces the newspaper and the stage transcend all others in their reflex bearing and their direct power upon the community; and for that reason a greater responsibility rests upon them than upon any of their associate forces, with reference to the intellectual, moral, and spiritual advancement of the human race. Each stands in the same environment, and each is confronted by the same problem. When your existence depends upon a perfectly harmonious adjustment of yourself to the needs and the pleasures of the people, to how great an extent will you defer to the drift of the popular mood? For you, who are actors and managers, and therefore the representatives and guardians of the acted drama in this republic, the question is a vital one. Your temptation is to fool "the many-headed beast" to the top of his bent: and thereupon your danger is, in the fierce strife of competitive endeavor and under the imperative need of instant success, that you will end by surrendering your authority altogether into the hands of the mob. To some extent, within the last thirty years, this surrender has already been made. It is about the period of one generation now since Dion Boucicault made the first specimen of the "Sensation Drama," and invented and proclaimed that epithet to designate a new school of art. Next came the lascivious charm and wanton allurement of the Opéra Bouffe, embodied in Tostée and conducted by Bateman. Rapidly after that the semi-nude burlesque was enthroned in the capital, with Lydia Thompson for its empress and Samuel Colville for its prophet; while William Wheatley, with the glittering spectacle of the *Black Crook* revived and implanted upon the American stage the same voluptuous and mischievous pageantry that Sir William Davenant, two hundred and fifty years ago, conveyed into London from the theatre of France. Then for a while the drift was in favor of tainted French dramas on the everlasting theme of incontinence in the state of marriage. Sentimental farces succeeded, and after them the deluge. Of late the current runs to horse-play and the "real tubs" of Mr. Crummles, and the enraptured multitude is thrilled to behold an actual woman swimming in an actual tank of water, or an actual fire-engine dragged across the stage almost as swiftly as it can be dragged in the street, and with almost as much racket. These are some of the results of an uncompromising submission to the popular lead, which almost always is ignoble, irrational, casual, and wrong. In this submission many of the newspapers of America have set a pernicious and deplorable example; but this fact, while it makes the duty of the actor to his time more arduous, should also make it more evident and more imperative. That duty is to check and withstand as much as possible the gross, levelling, degrading influences of excessive democracy, which tend to blight everything with the baleful tyranny of the commonplace, and to instil, to protect, and to maintain purity, sweetness, and refinement in our feelings, our manners, our language, and our national character. The common precept, the precept of the shop-keeper in dramatic art, is spoken every day: "Give them what they want." The higher and better precept, the precept of the moralist, would enjoin you to "give them what they ought to have." Which is the better counsel? and to which of these voices will you listen? The welfare of the people in every age is committed as a sacred trust to the best intellect of the time. A part of that responsibility rests on you, and it can only be evaded by the sacrifice of the institution that is your life. If the shop-keeping spirit is permitted absolutely to prevail, if you yield more and more and more to the caprice of the thoughtless multitude, while you will not destroy the stage (because the art of acting is immortal), you will help to bring upon it another blight of decrepitude, another season of dulness and decay, such as followed the orgies of the Restoration in England toward the end of the seventeenth century, or such as attended the general collapse of dramatic art in America about sixty years ago. *Vulgus vult decipi: decipiatur!* That was the haughty, unsympathetic, contemptuous doctrine of ancient cynical philosophy ("the common people like to be fooled; fooled let them be"), and under its malign influence, the few taking heed only of themselves, and leaving the many to folly and riot, the great Roman Empire slowly crumbled into pieces like a moth-eaten garment. Surely for you, the leaders of thought in your domain, there is a nobler principle than that old Latin sneer. In the lofty elegiac lines that Matthew Arnold wrote upon "Rugby Chapel," none is more touching or more significant than the proud and tender exclamation, "Thou, my father, wouldst not be saved alone." While the late Lord Beaconsfield—a great man—was Prime-Minister of England, every essential measure of national policy, it is said, was originated and prompted by him; yet in every case its inception and pursuance appeared to have been suggested to him by her Majesty Queen Victoria. It is within your province undoubtedly, in dealing with the sovereign people, to give them what they want; but it is within the power of your intellect, your knowledge of human nature and of the world, your wisdom and dexterity and tact, to make them want what they ought to have, and to make them think, when you provide it, that they have asked you to do so. This is the duty of the actor to his time—and his duty is likewise his interest.

The stage has generally needed popular support, but it has never prospered under popular dominion. In Greece, for example, nearly twenty-three hundred years ago, when the theatre established by Æschuylus and nurtured by Pericles had reached and passed its highest phase, there came that memorable period of popular license and misrule, when the multitude had supreme power over the state, and when the idol of the multitude was the ribald Aristophanes. You are all familiar with the hideous and pathetic story of the persecution and murder of Socrates. The *Clouds* and the *Birds* have survived to our day, and it is easy to perceive at once their caustic wit and their pernicious influence. Sophocles and Euripides were derided. Everything venerable and noble was covered with ridicule. The reputation of individuals was assailed without truth or mercy, and defamed without humanity or limit. The peace of families was ruthlessly destroyed. The very magistrates who sanctioned the appearance of the comedians were publicly lampooned and insulted. The gods themselves were flouted. The mob had what it wanted, and the theatre became a mere conduit for comic libel and vulgar mirth, while dramatic art was submerged in ribald licentiousness and scurrilous indecency. To such a depth, indeed, was the Grecian stage degraded by this supremacy of the popular taste, misled by a wickedly brilliant humorist, that even the transcendent genius of Menander, rising in the next age, could scarcely redeem it from settled ignominy and disgrace. In Italy, where the dramatic revival began in the thirteenth and culminated in the fifteenth century, there came a season of democratic experiment and disorder about the middle of the seventeenth, when the theatre was left unprotected to the popular caprice; and from that time onward for fifty years nothing was seen upon it but coarse Spanish farces—the paltry one-act buffooneries with which the Spanish stage began, but which in that period it had outgrown. Kindred illustrations might readily be drawn from the history of the theatre in France and England. Look into the lives of Fleury and Macklin and Fennell and Edmund Kean; look into Jackson's account of the Scottish stage, and Hitchcock's account of the stage in Ireland, and your righteous indignation is more than once aroused at the spectacle of popular tyranny overriding and degrading the stage. On the other hand, the best periods in the history of the drama have been those periods when it has been closely affiliated with the highest, because the ablest and most refined, classes of intellectual society—for these could guide and stimulate and govern its powers and its beauties, and, by the force of fashion and example, could lead the multitude in their train. The Shakesperian audience was not a popular audience. It was an audience largely composed of intellectual persons. It was an audience that would listen to poetry, and was capable of understanding and appreciating great and beautiful things. In that fertile and sumptuous period of English dramatic literature extending from 1580 to 1640 it accepted and enjoyed not only the incomparable grandeur and beauty and truth of Shakespeare, but the stormy splendor of Marlowe, the funeral pomp and sombre pageantry of Webster, the lovely simplicity of Heywood, the passion and pathos of Ford, the indolent but affluent grace and music of Dekker, the strong thought and trenchant and vibrant verse of Massinger, the noble repose and copious emotion of Middleton, and, above all, the wonderful feeling, depth, eloquence, variety, and loveliness of Beaumont and Fletcher. No such body of literature had ever, in all the world, been created before, and nothing like it has been created since. Creative art, indeed, is in no sense a result of environment: its impulse proceeds out of the great central heart of Nature. But in those "spacious days of great Elizabeth" the plays were not only written, but were acted and received. They had a public. The stage flourished because the finest intelligence and the finest feeling in the English nation fostered and guarded it, and the multitude was lifted to the level of Spenser and Sidney and Raleigh—

> "Of those great spirits who went down like suns
> And left upon the mountain-tops of death
> A light that made them lovely."

Upon that high level the people do not habitually stand, and it would be wild folly to assume that they do; but there are noble elements and grand possibilities in human nature; to that high level the people can be lifted; and it is the duty of every intellectual man, and therefore of the actor, to lead them upward. Much is accomplished when the stage is made and kept important—as Edwin Booth and Henry Irving and Mr. Daly and Mr. Palmer have made and kept it—in the esteem of the best contemporary minds. Every student of its history knows that it has always been a thing of moods, now exalted and now depressed, but of late years, when viewed apart from all parasite entertainments, steadily in the ascendant. The time was when the wise and gentle Charles Lamb expressed a mild astonishment that a person capable of remembering and repeating the words of Shakespeare should for that reason be supposed to possess a mind congenial with that of the poet. Such an idea surprises nobody now. Modern thought has recognized that the actor is a mental and spiritual force; that he is intimately connected with the cause of public education; that he is not a mere parrot and not simply an interpreter; that he brings something of his own; that although the poet provides the soul, it is the actor who must provide the body; and that without having the body as well as the soul you cannot have dramatic representations or the benefit of the dramatic art. This righteous illumination of modern thought, however, with reference to the profession of acting, is not yet absolutely complete. The fact that the stage now stands upon the same level with the other learned professions has not yet become permanently imbedded in the spontaneous convictions of society. Little denotements frequently occur as the days go by that the ultra-respectable and conventional mind of our time is still disturbed and twisted upon this subject. Bigotry dies hard. In 1832 the Harrisburg clergyman who read the burial service over the remains of Joseph Jefferson, the great comedian of that period (an actor as noble and famous even as his illustrious and beloved descendant in our generation), altered the text of that service so as to say, "this man" instead of "our deceased brother" in the sentence which commits the body to the ground. In 1870 the Rev. Mr. Sabine, of New York (manfully true to his principles and standing fast by his colors, for which he should be respected and not reviled), refused to open his church for the funeral of that venerated actor George Holland; bestowing, as he did so, by a single fortunate phrase a permanent glory upon "the little church around the corner," and making it possible for me to originate and fulfil the movement known as the Holland Benefit. In 1883 a minister of the gospel in New Jersey publicly stigmatized a renowned French actress, then in America, as being "as vile a hag as the sewers of Paris ever spewed into the state-room of an Atlantic steam-ship"—hags always coming out of sewers, and the sewage system of the French capital being directly connected with ocean travel. Clarendon, the old historian, said that "clergymen understand the least, and take the worst measure of human affairs, of all mankind who can read and write": and perhaps you will think there is occasionally some ground for his extreme opinion. In this year 1889 the amiable and admirable Quaker poet Mr. John G. Whittier, in a published letter, wonders whether Mrs. Langtry entertains as strong an objection to an author as he does to an actress. The incisive and trenchant writer of *Obiter Dicta*—one of the few contemporary books of real literature, rich in vital thought and therefore destined to survive—dismisses the profession of the actor with a civil sneer. Some of my valued friends among the scholars of this period, reading those recent volumes of *Brief Chronicles* in which I have endeavored to commemorate many of the actors of the last thirty years, have expressed to me their gentle wonder that so much labor should have been expended on such insignificant persons. These are trifles; but all along the current of human life trifles disclose the involuntary views of mankind. These signs, and others like them, indicate that the ancient spirit of commingled bigotry and condescension toward the theatre, while it is fast dying away, is not yet dead. Seven hundred years ago, when the modern dramatic movement began in Italy and in England with the Miracle Plays, the clergy themselves were frequently the actors; and perhaps the Church has not yet quite forgiven the regular dramatic profession for having invaded that field and confiscated its forces and its fruits. In every period possibly—in recent times certainly—men of ability and acquirements in other walks of life have been made uncomfortable by the rapid rise, the opulent prosperity, and the dazzling renown of actors. Dr. Johnson, beside whom David Garrick, who had been his school-boy, remained his school-boy to the last, possessed no such brilliancy of reputation in his own day, and has descended in no such picturesque splendor of fame to ours as that which David Garrick obtained and transmitted. Lowell and Holmes and Bancroft, as men of letters, have done a work of more radical and abiding value for the public than that of Jefferson or Booth; but the prevalent sentiment toward Lowell and Holmes and Bancroft is cold respect in comparison with the fervor of enthusiasm that stirs in the more enlightened American heart for Jefferson and Booth. There is no reputation in mighty London at this moment so brilliant as that of Henry Irving; and this is not confined to the capital, for when, as it happened last summer we were walking together over the lonely hills of remote Westmoreland, the passengers upon every carriage that chanced to pass took off their hats to him, and often cheered him by name. It is natural that "your royal preparation" should somewhat annoy the doctor of divinity and the man of science and letters. Oliver Goldsmith, it is said, was displeased because the people in somebody's drawing-room, preferring female beauty to poetical genius, looked at the lovely Horneck girls instead of looking at him. This mild competitive resentment of your ascendency, however, is superficial, transient, and ultimately ineffective. The essential vitality of the remnant of respectable aversion to the actor still extant consists in his own faults and is fed by his own errors. He has allowed himself sometimes to trifle with his own avocation, and in the pursuit and practical administration of the theatre he does not always sufficiently assert the dignity and weight of intellectual character.

The popular drift of the day, as I have stated, sets in the direction of jocose levity and cynical sarcasm. This note, in its proper time and place and proportion, is amusing and perhaps salutary, but it may readily become immoderate. I once read in a newspaper that a parson who had got into trouble and been overhauled by his congregation defended himself with the following epigram:

> "My Christian friends, I think the fact is
> All human worth is incomplete;
> But I will preach and you shall practise,
> And that way we'll make both ends meet."

The late Park Benjamin, scoring a clergyman of the sentimental Honeyman pattern, wrote an epigram in a somewhat kindred strain:

> "Your pastor's charm I cannot prize;
> I never saw his glance divine;
> For when he prays he shuts his eyes,
> And when he preaches I shut mine."

There was an epitaph in circulation some time ago which caught my glance in a Western journal, and which runs as follows:

> "Our Jane has climbed the golden stair
> And passed the jasper gates:
> Henceforth she will have wings to wear,
> Instead of roller skates."

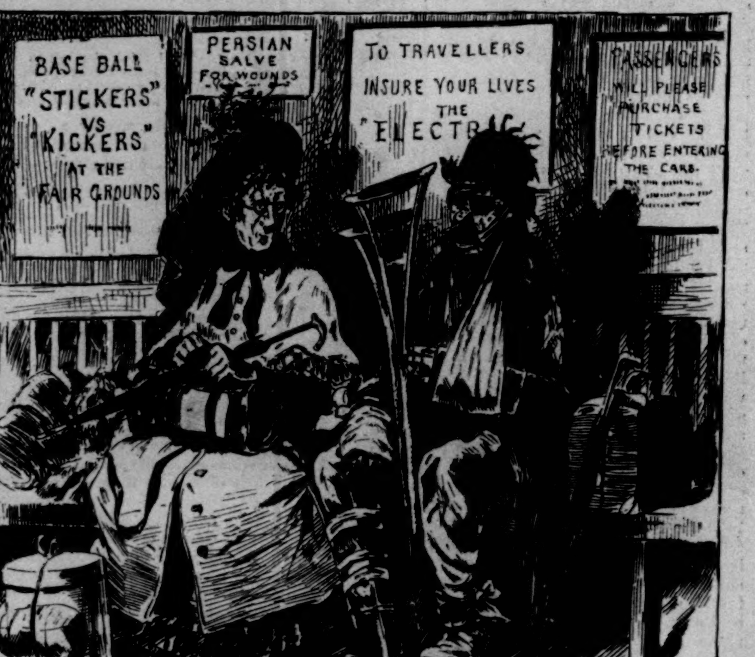
In still another newspaper I found another form of personal disaster recorded in this way: "Harvey Schaske, of Elmira, fooled with a gun. He didn't know it was loaded. He never will."

These citations exemplify the habit of the time to make light of serious things. It may be a droll habit; but when it is permitted in any way to detract from the dignity of a great institution—when the professors of the stage themselves employ it to undermine and enfeeble their own authority—it becomes a pernicious one. The Greek farce writer Philemon died of laughter at seeing a jackass eat figs. Appetite is perennial, and the jackass continues his ministrations—only the laughing Philemon does not die. He gets his guffaw, and it agrees with him, and under its clodpoll influence he grows grosser and coarser and commoner day by day. In other words, there is a porcine taste for indelicate buffoonery, and in the practical, shop-keeping cultivation of this popular appetite a most inordinate prominence has been given to vulgar varieties and to burlesque. No one begrudges to the burlesquers all the remuneration to which their trivial proceedings may be entitled, but at present the true interest of the stage and of society needs their repression. They are excessive. All trifling with serious things has a direct tendency to lower them in the esteem of the multitude, by nature trivial, desultory, and capricious. The art of acting is the living soul of the theatre as an institution, and by heaping upon that noble art an almost illimitable burden of elaborate silliness, these burlesquers have done much to obscure the lustre of the theatre, and in part to sequester it from the sympathy and respect of hundreds of the best minds of the age. A little frolic does well; but rank foolishness, in the various garbs of farcical mummery, slang, indelicate display of the female person, and vacant antic and babble, have been carried far and tolerated long. The representatives of this rubbish, indeed, do not now scruple to assert themselves as artists, and there is such a phalanx of them that in some parts of America nothing but "leg business" is offered upon the stage, whence mind and beauty and refinement, crystallized in dramatic art, were long since banished. This is nothing less than a calamity. "It is not, nor it cannot come to, good." Theatrical entertainment, indeed, must take many forms, and burlesque can be treated as a fine art; but considering how it is treated, and remembering its natural tendency, every friend of the theatre must deplore its dominion. Greek art, which was perfect art (save that it lacked the divine ideal expressed in the character and experience of Christ), was informed by one supreme, inexorable, triumphant principle, never to be forgotten or neglected—*nothing in excess*.

Conduct is character, expressed under the pressure of circumstances. The flippant manner goes with the flimsy mind. Dignity is repose. It is the dignity of the dramatic character that must be trusted to sustain the power and augment the renown of the dramatic profession. That dignity I have always asserted, and it is no spirit of detraction that leads me now to urge that actors ought to be stern critics of themselves, that they ought to give little or no attention to what is said about them in print, and that they would enhance the importance of their calling in the public esteem by the severest reticence with reference to their personal affairs. When one of the admirers of Wellington told him that he was equally great as a statesman and a soldier, the Iron Duke replied, "I am glad that there is no one to hear you say this, for I would not have any one think me such a fool as to believe it." The man who is thus a stern critic of himself is neither to be misled nor wounded by the observations of others. To a character like that, self-poised, simple, and sincere, critical commentary naturally appears like what for the most part it is—the buzzing of flies in the air. The actor is necessarily sensitive; but inordinate sensibility is a misfortune, and to shield himself from stupidity and malice, to maintain his repose, and to assert his power, he must wear the armor of a cheerful philosophy. There is a wise passage in the old *Spectator*, wherein Addison has paraphrased and applied the excellent counsel of Epictetus: "When I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavor to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. This is a piece of fortitude which every one owes to his own innocence." Let me add that it is a piece of fortitude which, in this period of general flippancy and chatter, every one owes to his own self-respect. With the practical adoption of this philosophy by actors, with the abatement of undue solicitude as to the frivolous babble of the hour, much that belittles the stage and makes it still seem subservient and paltry and incidental in the judgment of some of the best minds of the age will disappear. The torrent of gossip which is now a curse will run dry, and the actress who is constantly losing her diamonds, and the handsome actor who is continually bewitching her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, will be heard of no more.

And so I end as I began, the advocate of the intellectual principle, which alone can crown a perfect civilization with the white lilies of dignity and refinement. Our republic has been more than abundantly favored with material prosperity; yet it cannot be truthfully denied that, as a people, we are still deficient in gentleness and grace. That way lies our need, and in that direction it is time that we should make ourselves capable of practical fidelity to the highest ideal. As much of heaven is visible as we have eyes to see. All the forces of spiritual culture are within us. In the development of those forces the actor can accomplish a great work; and surely there is something more involved in his noble avocation than that one man should display talent and another man should praise it. The capacity to reveal universal human nature, helping man to understand himself, is the justification of the actor. His faculties are not necessarily more important or more brilliant than those of other intellectual men; but the medium that Nature has provided for their expression is to the majority of persons more sympathetic, alluring, and delightful than any other form of utterance in the world. More than ever in the movement of human affairs, accordingly, the attention of the people is fixed upon the actor; and more than ever is it essential that he should know and feel and remember that he is the representative and guardian of a beautiful art, and not simply the keeper of a shop.

It was once my privilege, toward the end of a lovely day in June, to stand upon the ramparts of Windsor Castle, and to gaze in mute wonder and rapture over that delicious landscape—the hallowed realm of learning and taste—which environs the stateliest and most majestic of the royal palaces of England. The glory of sunset was fading in the west. The soft and mellow light of the gloaming was just beginning to creep over the emerald velvet of the meadows and the dense foliage of the slumbering elms. Far below lay the quaint city, so beautiful in its carved and timber-crossed antiquity, so venerable with historic association and with martial and poetic renown. At a little distance the "antique spires" and lancet casements of Eton glimmered in the last faint rays of sunset gold. Many church towers, gray and solemn and ancient, were dimly visible on the darkening plains. The old Thames, black and shining, flowed in sweet tranquillity through the peaceful scene. The evening wind was laden with fragrance of syringa and jasmine. Over and around the great central tower of the castle a multitude of birds, warned homeward by impending night, circled with incessant motion and strange, melodious cries. And out from the sombre, mysterious sanctity of Saint George's Chapel, borne tremulous on the perfumed twilight air, came the sobbing organ music of the vesper hymn. In that solemn hour it was again, and more deeply than ever, impressed upon my mind that the divine privilege of art, and the supreme obligation of every intellect engaged in its ministry, is to diffuse and to secure for all the people this superb exaltation of the soul—to set upon the familiar face of our every-day lives the immortal seal of spiritual refinement, the sacred radiance of gentleness and beauty.


BASE BALL "STICKERS" VS "KICKERS" AT THE FAIR GROUNDS
PERSIAN SALVE FOR WOUNDS
TO TRAVELLERS INSURE YOUR LIVES THE "ELECTR
PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE PURCHASE TICKETS BEFORE ENTERING THE CARS.

INJURED.

"Poor man, how were you injured so? Railway accident?"
"No 'm."
"Explosion?"
"No 'm."
"Something fall on you?"
"Yes 'm; the wrath of a base-ball team. I was an umpire, 'm."

THE STATE OF TRADE.

There is a good deal of talk in Wall Street just now of a revival of the speculative spirit of the country. The public—that is, the portion of it that does not find its daily occupation in Wall Street—has not had very much to do with the improvement in every respect that has taken place in the stock-market; still its pressure toward the financial centre of the country has been felt in the growing demand for securities of all kinds, and present indications are that its progress in the direction of the Stock Exchange is likely to be accelerated rather than retarded. It is well worth while to determine the causes that are influencing a more general desire to engage in speculative ventures. The answer may be given in a word or two, namely, that business is better. This may be true enough, and certainly it is logical, as speculation is simply the inflation of business, the foam upon the current of legitimate undertakings. But when this has been said, he who asserts that business is better is very likely to be asked for his proofs. And that brings us to a review of the present condition of general business.

For many months past the regular trade reports, which are carefully compiled by a great number of experts working through innumerable channels, have told of an unsatisfactory condition of business. The volume has been large in a great many branches of trade, and the majority of industries have been fairly active. But profits have been almost uniformly small, and the snap of a brisk demand has been totally lacking. Within the last few weeks the tenor of the most trustworthy of the trade advices has been gradually changing. The hopeful spirit that has been noted from time to time, and which is one of the most pleasing phases of our business life, is beginning to find fruition. The prices of staple goods are still at about the lowest figures, and it is by no means certain that the bottom has been reached. Nevertheless there is a growing feeling that the worst is over. This is especially true of the iron trade, which has been suffering from the suspension of railroad building on a large scale, and also from its inability to compete with other iron-producing countries for the demands of less favored communities. But limited as we are to home markets, a better demand at current prices is reported. The decline, as it invariably does, has stimulated the consumption, and iron is more largely used for architectural purposes than ever before. This week the steel rail trade has shown a little life, in consequence of sales of about 80,000 tons. In viewing the iron trade hereafter the vision must extend beyond the limits of Pennsylvania, which for nearly a century has boasted of its sovereignty in the production of that metal. The South and the nearer Northwest must be recognized as important factors in the market, especially as their facilities are enabling them to make the market for nearly all producers and manufacturers. It is this comparatively new competition that has made the outlook seem so gloomy to the Pennsylvania ironmongers. As this industry is universally regarded as the business barometer of the country, evidence that it is coming upon better days will be gladly received by every one.

The prospects of the anthracite coal trade were set forth at length in this column only a few weeks ago. Time has brightened those prospects, and bids fair to fulfil them. The individual producers who practically had the market to themselves during the customary season of dulness in the early spring are now beginning to regret that they have sold their product so far in advance of their ability to mine it. The larger companies will profit by the greed or necessities of the smaller concerns, and it is chiefly upon the financial returns of the first-named that the condition of the trade is determined by investors and by speculators as well.

The recent heavy sales of both cotton and woollen goods have demonstrated the substantial character of the market for them. In neither case were prices much below the figures asked by agents. The dry-goods market has already begun to show beneficial effects from these transactions. The outlook for staple crops has naturally assisted the distribution of general merchandise. The marketing of a large proportion of last year's corn crop has contributed to the same end, and both operations are reflected in more satisfactory railroad returns. The condition of our foreign trade is beginning to receive attention, both because of the continuous large shipments of gold and the fact that imports are keeping pace with the larger exports. These developments are offset to an extent by the tendency of money toward this centre from the interior, and also by the larger offers to sell bonds to the government, which show that the medium through which money may be released from the Treasury is at hand, should it become necessary to liberate it more freely than at present.

In the main, the general conditions governing business are favorable to its development. Money is in abundant supply the world over, and not because there is a disposition on the part of capital to shrink from permanent investment, for securities and schemes of indifferent value find takers and backers readily, but because even in this comparatively new country the growth of wealth has outrun the wildest estimates. It is not to be wondered at that in these circumstances a sense of greater security prevails in Wall Street, where the confidence as well as the apprehensions of the entire business community constantly finds expression.

Collin Armstrong.

New York, *Saturday, June* 1, 1889.

DISEASE AND DEATH

Force their way into many a household that might be protected from their inroads, by the simple precaution of keeping in the house that benign family medicine and safeguard of health, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Particularly where there are children, should it be kept on hand, as a prompt remedy for infantile complaints, in their outset easily conquerable, but which, if allowed to engraft themselves on the delicate childish organism, are not easily dislodged, and speedily work grievous mischief. Irregularity of the bowels, indigestion, and biliousness are ailments of common occurrence in the household. Children living in malarious regions are more liable to be attacked with chills and fever than adults, and the ravages of that fell disease in their system are speedier and more serious. In remote localities, far from professional aid, it is especially desirable.—[*Adv.*]

A WELCOME INNOVATION.

The Chicago and Denver Express, the superb vestibuled train running through between Chicago and Denver via the Chicago & North-Western and Union Pacific railways, will, beginning May 12th, in addition to its superior service of coaches, sleepers, and free chair cars, carry vestibuled North-Western dining-cars through, serving patrons of the train all meals en route to Denver. The superior service of these dining-cars has given them a national reputation, and patrons of the train will appreciate the comfort and luxury that this innovation will add to the trip. The price of meals will be 75 cents.

Excursion tickets to Denver and all Colorado, California, and western and north-western resorts are now on sale, via the North-Western, at all ticket offices.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A Senator's wife, who is said to serve the best chocolate in Washington, gave the following receipt to Miss Edith Ingalls: Three quarters of a cake of Baker's chocolate, one quart of cold water, one quart of sweet, rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water, thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow to boil until it is quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately and stir it into the chocolate mixture, and cook a few minutes longer.—[*Adv.*]

We recommend the use of Angostura Bitters to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have been before the public of England for half a century, and it has lately been demonstrated that they are nine times more used than all the other Patent Medicines put together, and are to be found in every English-speaking country in the world. In order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, Beecham's Pills are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America, where a shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that Beecham's Pills are worth a Guinea a Box. —[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

"My daughter was greatly troubled with Scrofula, and, at one time, it was feared she would lose her sight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well as ever, with not a trace of scrofula in her system."—G. King, Killingly, Conn.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

OURAY, THE GEM OF THE ROCKIES.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

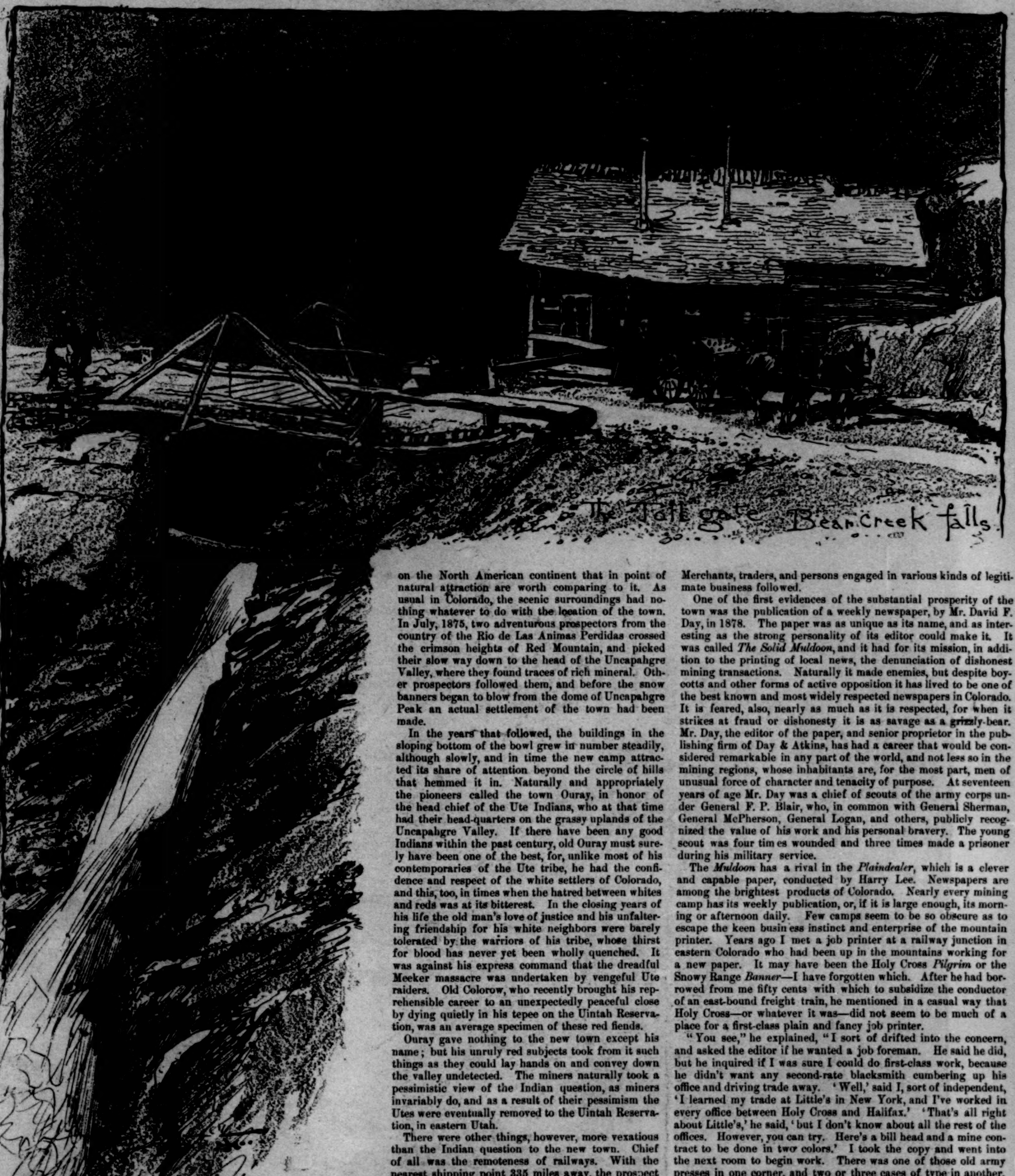
IF some prehistoric cyclone on its way across the western half of the continent had tarried for a time at the head of the Uncapahgre Valley,* in southwestern Colorado, and dug a great hole in the heart of the mountains, the physical result would have borne a creditable resemblance to the site of the city of Ouray. Such an origin of the bowl-shaped valley is in fact naturally suggested by the nearness and height of the encompassing mountains, and by the narrow gorge that lets the waters of the Uncapahgre River out upon the fertile valley far below. In no other place in America does the traveller have such a startling sense of actual imprisonment, such an awesome feeling of encircling power, as here in the bottom of the bowl at Ouray. To one accustomed to the undulating beauty of Eastern landscapes, the monotonous levels of the great plains, or the grand sweeps of most Colorado scenery, the environment of the mountains is so masterful and complete that he is tempted to look about for breathing-room. This impression is at best only temporary, as it is inevitably lost in an engrossing contemplation of the might and majesty of near-by steeps.

Ouray is asserted to be the handsomest mountain town in Colorado. I am not inclined to dispute this, for there are few towns on the North American continent that in point of natural attraction are worth comparing to it. As usual in Colorado, the scenic surroundings had nothing whatever to do with the location of the town. In July, 1875, two adventurous prospectors from the country of the Rio de Las Animas Perdidas crossed the crimson heights of Red Mountain, and picked their slow way down to the head of the Uncapahgre Valley, where they found traces of rich mineral. Other prospectors followed them, and before the snow banners began to blow from the dome of Uncapahgre Peak an actual settlement of the town had been made.

In the years that followed, the buildings in the sloping bottom of the bowl grew in number steadily, although slowly, and in time the new camp attracted its share of attention beyond the circle of hills that hemmed it in. Naturally and appropriately the pioneers called the town Ouray, in honor of the head chief of the Ute Indians, who at that time had their head-quarters on the grassy uplands of the Uncapahgre Valley. If there have been any good Indians within the past century, old Ouray must surely have been one of the best, for, unlike most of his contemporaries of the Ute tribe, he had the confidence and respect of the white settlers of Colorado, and this, too, in times when the hatred between whites and reds was at its bitterest. In the closing years of his life the old man's love of justice and his unfaltering friendship for his white neighbors were barely tolerated by the warriors of his tribe, whose thirst for blood has never yet been wholly quenched. It was against his express command that the dreadful Meeker massacre was undertaken by vengeful Ute raiders. Old Colorow, who recently brought his reprehensible career to an unexpectedly peaceful close by dying quietly in his tepee on the Uintah Reservation, was an average specimen of these red fiends.

Ouray gave nothing to the new town except his name; but his unruly red subjects took from it such things as they could lay hands on and convey down the valley undetected. The miners naturally took a pessimistic view of the Indian question, as miners invariably do, and as a result of their pessimism the Utes were eventually removed to the Uintah Reservation, in eastern Utah.

There were other things, however, more vexatious than the Indian question to the new town. Chief of all was the remoteness of railways. With the nearest shipping point 335 miles away, the prospect for the rapid growth of the town could not be called bright. To obtain provisions, clothing, blasting powder, and mining tools, the miners were compelled to send their ore to the railway or to the nearest smelter on the backs of burros, or, where it was possible, in slow-going freighting wagons, at a cost but little below the value of the ore. Had the mines been less rich, or had the pioneers shown less pluck, patience, and endurance, the valley of the Uncapahgre, and the rosy peaks of the mountains roundabout, might still be in possession of the raiding Utes. The mines were rich, however, and the pioneers knew it, or fancied that they did, which was much the same thing in practical effect. In the breezy vernacular of the mountains, the men "staid with it," and by-and-by, as the mountain trails grew broader and the freighting charges became less burdensome, some of them began to make a little money. That was all that was needed to give the new town a start in life, for where one man succeeds at a thing a dozen others will come in and try to imitate him. Prospectors, miners, saloon-keepers, and gamblers came into the camp in numbers sufficiently large to gain for Ouray a reputation of some degree of permanency. Merchants, traders, and persons engaged in various kinds of legitimate business followed.



The Toll gate Bear Creek falls

One of the first evidences of the substantial prosperity of the town was the publication of a weekly newspaper, by Mr. David F. Day, in 1878. The paper was as unique as its name, and as interesting as the strong personality of its editor could make it. It was called *The Solid Muldoon*, and it had for its mission, in addition to the printing of local news, the denunciation of dishonest mining transactions. Naturally it made enemies, but despite boycotts and other forms of active opposition it has lived to be one of the best known and most widely respected newspapers in Colorado. It is feared, also, nearly as much as it is respected, for when it strikes at fraud or dishonesty it is as savage as a grizzly-bear. Mr. Day, the editor of the paper, and senior proprietor in the publishing firm of Day & Atkins, has had a career that would be considered remarkable in any part of the world, and not less so in the mining regions, whose inhabitants are, for the most part, men of unusual force of character and tenacity of purpose. At seventeen years of age Mr. Day was a chief of scouts of the army corps under General F. P. Blair, who, in common with General Sherman, General McPherson, General Logan, and others, publicly recognized the value of his work and his personal bravery. The young scout was four times wounded and three times made a prisoner during his military service.

The *Muldoon* has a rival in the *Plaindealer*, which is a clever and capable paper, conducted by Harry Lee. Newspapers are among the brightest products of Colorado. Nearly every mining camp has its weekly publication, or, if it is large enough, its morning or afternoon daily. Few camps seem to be so obscure as to escape the keen business instinct and enterprise of the mountain printer. Years ago I met a job printer at a railway junction in eastern Colorado who had been up in the mountains working for a new paper. It may have been the Holy Cross *Pilgrim* or the Snowy Range *Banner*—I have forgotten which. After he had borrowed from me fifty cents with which to subsidize the conductor of an east-bound freight train, he mentioned in a casual way that Holy Cross—or whatever it was—did not seem to be much of a place for a first-class plain and fancy job printer.

"You see," he explained, "I sort of drifted into the concern, and asked the editor if he wanted a job foreman. He said he did, but he inquired if I was sure I could do first-class work, because he didn't want any second-rate blacksmith cumbering up his office and driving trade away. 'Well,' said I, sort of independent, 'I learned my trade at Little's in New York, and I've worked in every office between Holy Cross and Halifax.' 'That's all right about Little's,' he said, 'but I don't know about all the rest of the offices. However, you can try. Here's a bill head and a mine contract to be done in two colors.' I took the copy and went into the next room to begin work. There was one of those old army presses in one corner, and two or three cases of type in another, but, hunt high or low, not a single line of job type could I see. There was no job press either; but as I could have worked the jobs on the newspaper press, it didn't matter so much, but job type couldn't be done without. When I got tired of hunting around the office I went in to see the editor. 'See here,' I says; 'I can't do job work without job type.' 'Who asked you to?' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'I've looked all over, and not a line of job type can I find.' 'You idiot,' says he, 'the job type is in a bag behind the door!'"

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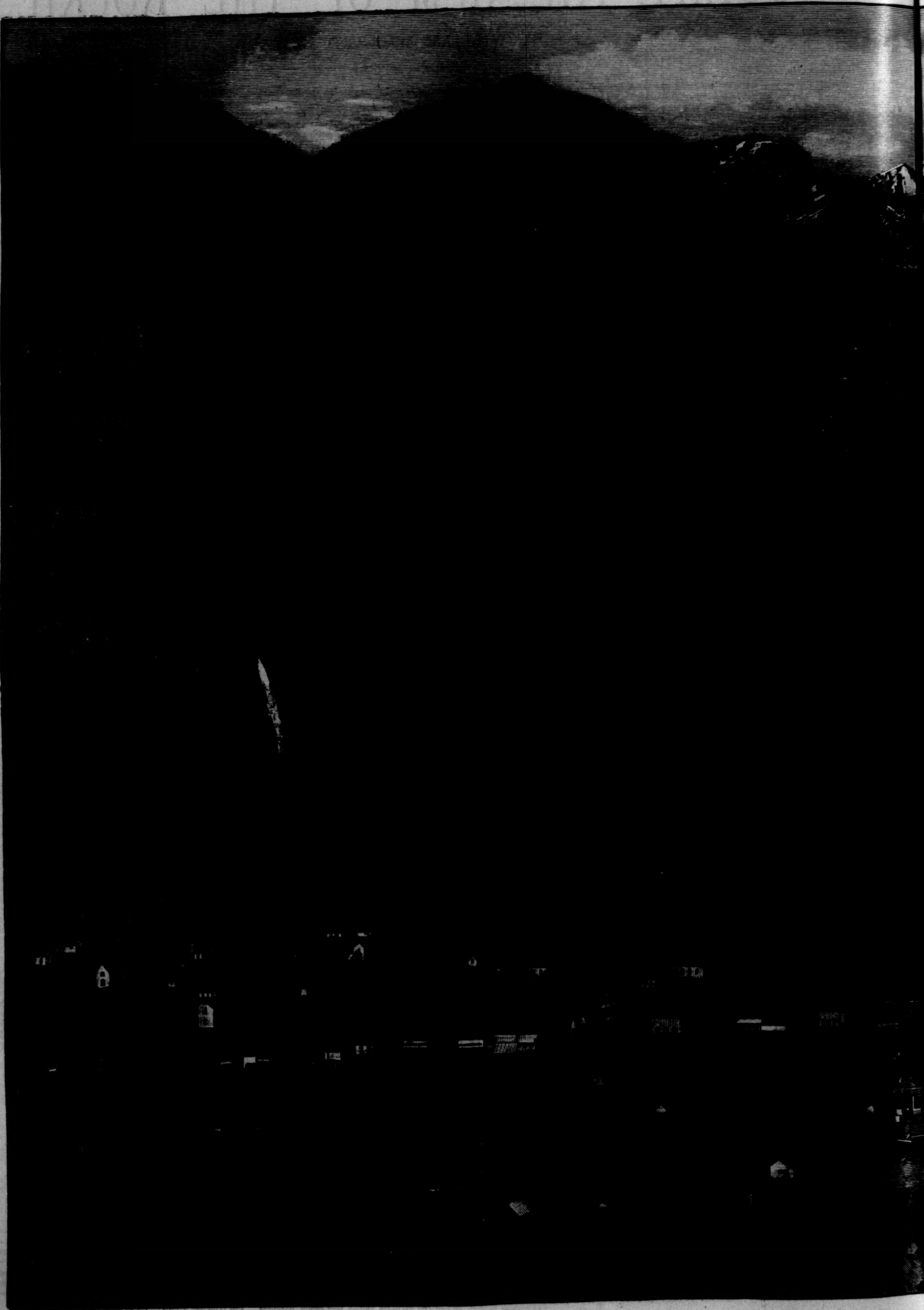
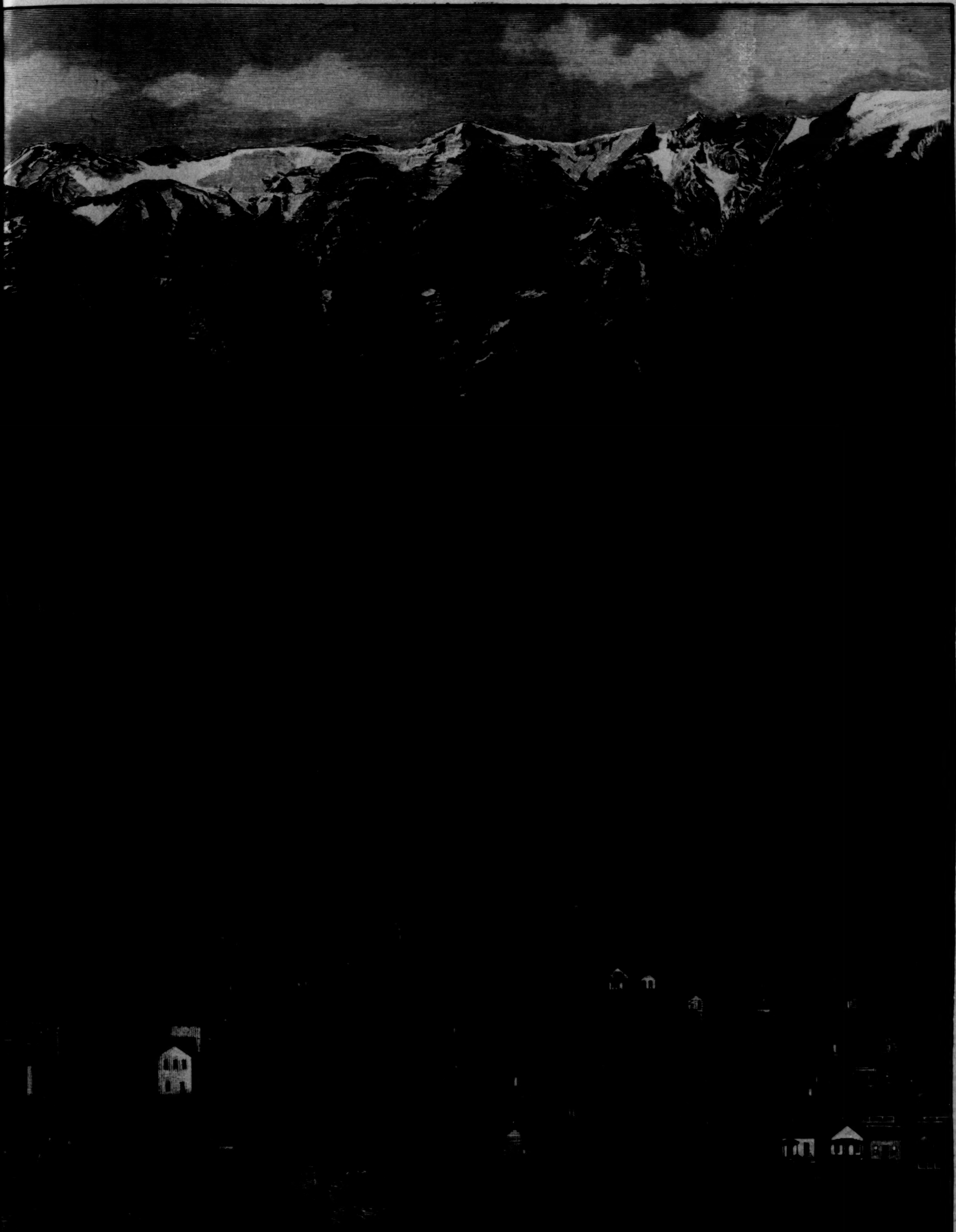
* Uncapahgre is a Ute word, meaning hot springs. Literally it is unca (hot), pah (water), gre (springs). It is erroneously written by map-makers and the Hayden and Wheeler Geological Survey as Uncompahgre.



OURAY, COLORADO.—From a Pho



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